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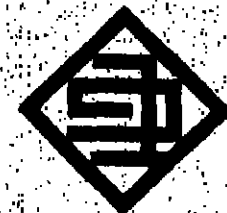
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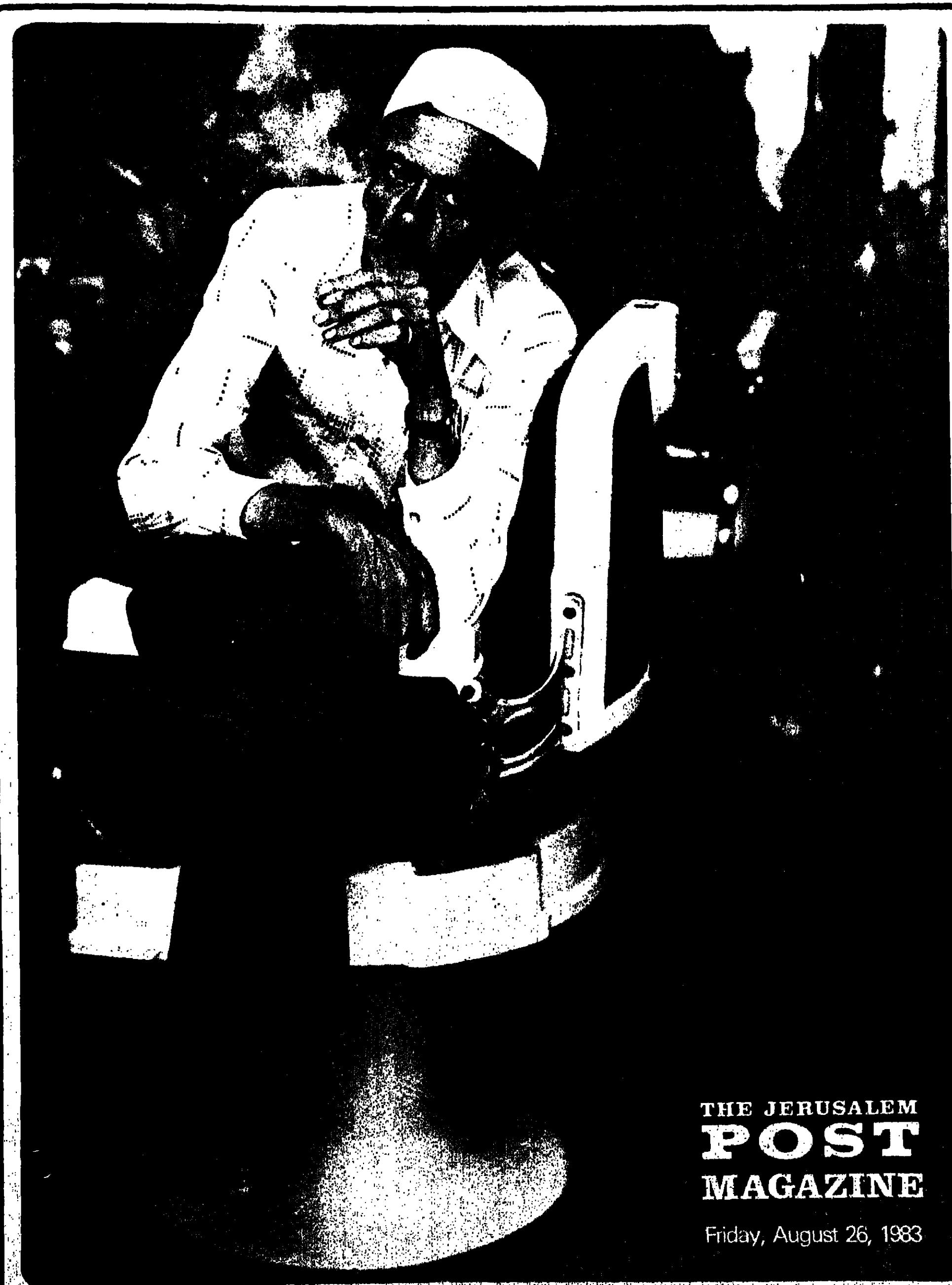
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, August 26, 1983

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HELMUT KOHL, the first West German chancellor of the generation that was still in its teens when the Nazi regime collapsed, will next Wednesday make good on his pre-election promise and come to Israel on an official visit. He will be the second German chancellor to do so; The first was Willy Brandt, in 1973.

As then, so now, the visit is a gesture of political friendship intended to reaffirm the special — and tortuous — relationship between Germany and Israel. Its agenda contains no concrete issues that have to be resolved by a meeting between the two heads of government. Even the discussion of a possible sale of Leopard-2 tanks to Saudi Arabia would not require that — and Mr. Kohl has made it clear that he prefers not to discuss the subject in Israel.

Nor is it expected that, when the sixth chancellor of the Federal Republic meets with the sixth prime minister of Israel, there will be a narrowing of the basic disagreements that divide the two governments. These — over the right of self-determination for the Palestinians and Israel's settlement policy — already existed when Willy Brandt met Golda Meir in Jerusalem a decade ago; they have only become more profound and irreconcilable under the government of Menachem Begin.

ISRAELI diplomacy will — to some extent, no doubt justly — claim Kohl's visit as an achievement in its efforts to relieve Israel's political isolation. The change of government in Bonn last October also provided Israeli diplomacy with an opportunity to make tacit amends for Prime Minister Begin's ferocious attack on former Chancellor Helmut Schmidt launched two years ago. Helmut Kohl, by his very visit as well as by the amiability that marks his personal style, will no doubt thaw the icy atmosphere that had since then frozen the already cool relations between the two governments into immobility.

IN CONTRAST to Willy Brandt's visit 10 years ago, it is a different chancellor of a different Germany, in a different era of international relations, who comes next week to a different Israel. But ever since the days of Adenauer, any overt political act or conduct on the part of Germany has been a function of the overall orientation of German foreign policy.

On the overt level, Germany's interests and the political constraints as perceived by its policy-makers have always circumscribed the "specialness" of the relations with Israel. Much — indeed most — of what made them special was and is to be found on the informal, unofficial level, where the personal attitudes of those who determine and implement policy on all levels assume major importance.

Kohl will maintain that continuity, as he has indicated in a television interview two weeks ago. WHO, THEN, is Helmut Kohl, and what is the overall orientation of his foreign policy that will also shape Germany's relations with Israel under his chancellorship?

In the 11 months of his chancellorship, the "black giant" from the Rhineland-Palatinate has unquestionably added political to his impressive physical stature, and has given the lie to those, within his own party and outside it, who belittled him for his provinciality, his lack of experience in foreign policy, the vagueness of his ideas and the vacuity of his speeches.

Man of the middle

Helmut Kohl has taken a centrist position on many of the domestic and international issues he faces as the Bundesrepublik's sixth chancellor. The Post's MEIR MERHAV profiles the German leader, who visits Israel next week.



Kohl certainly lacks the charisma of a Willy Brandt, for whom he is said to harbour a sneaking admiration; nor does he have the executive authority, wide-ranging and detailed knowledge and intellectual grasp of Helmut Schmidt. By comparison with the brilliance and — often erratic — originality of his rival of many years Franz Josef Strauss, he comes off a pale second. And he does not measure up to the intellectual precision and probing thoughtfulness of the leader of the opposition, Hans Jochen Vogel.

Quite a few within his own party may think themselves superior to him, and some may indeed be — but none of them contests his leadership or is likely to do so unless he stumbles seriously and unexpectedly.

Observers who know him and his political career justifiably attribute his rise to the top to a tenacity fed by unbounded ambition, and an uncanny ability to weave a net of political fealties, all the strands of which he holds in his hand. Since his days as minister-president of the Rhineland-Palatinate, he has prided himself on his ability to pick able and competent assistants, who make up for his lack of detailed professional knowledge.

It also signifies a trend of cutting back on the welfare state and more support for business, as well as a renewed call for German reunification — albeit "in peace, and without pressure or threats of pressure" — and the reaffirmation of Germany's legal rights to the borders of 1937. Added to this is a call for more "law and order."

ALL THIS, accompanied by a claim to provide the nation with "spiritual leadership" and appeals for the re-establishment of such traditional German virtues as love of fatherland, dedication to duty, industriousness, personal effort, sanctity of the family, and so forth, sounds like Adenauer — but not quite.

Kohl knows that it is 1983, not 1953, and that he governs at the head of a broadly-based, mass party. On domestic as well as on foreign issues, he has consistently shifted from a left to a right foot in his party and coalition, and has always ended up in the middle.

which is where he places himself. It may be true, as Rolf Yundel of Die Zeit said recently, that in Germany no government can rule against business. But the Christian Union can also not estrange its popular support, at a time of high and rising unemployment, by a massive dismantling of the welfare state.

Kohl's retrenchment has therefore been moderate, and is likely to remain so. His finance minister, Gerhard Stoltenberg, may want to cut more from social expenditures, and the ministers of family affairs and health, and of labour, Heiner Geissler and Norbert Blum, may want to cut less. Kohl showed only this week, when a cut in the motherhood allowance was discussed in the cabinet, that he opts for a middle course.

For the most pressing domestic problem, and rising unemployment, Kohl keeps putting his own and the public's hopes on a renewal of economic growth. If the hoped-for spurt of new investment is not forthcoming — and it is in danger of being choked off by rising interest rates pulled up by high interest rates in the U.S. — Kohl has no solution. But neither has anyone else. For the time being, the hope of new growth has not died, and Kohl is still creditable to many Germans.

SENSITIVE to the charge that he is inexperienced and provincial in foreign affairs, Kohl embarked on a programme of hectic foreign travel as soon as he became chancellor. Washington and Paris, London and Rome, Brussels and — lastly — Moscow.

In the first stage of these travels, he appeared to be out to convince the Western allies of his unwavering loyalty to the alliance and, in particular, to the NATO resolution of 1979, which foresees the stationing of Pershing-2 and Cruise missiles in Germany by the end of the year if no agreement is reached before then between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

But in Moscow, while reiterating his firm adherence to the Western Alliance, he also told Andropov that his mother used to tell him, whenever he slammed a door, that he would have to come back through it. To which the Soviet leader replied that Kohl evidently had a wise mother, so she must have had a wise son.

He also told Andropov that Germany hopes that one day its partition will be overcome. That may have warmed the hearts of the nationalists in his party, but is unlikely to have made much impression on the Soviet leadership.

As in other matters, Kohl has taken up a middle position on the issue of the impending installation of the new missiles. When his foreign minister, Hans Dietrich Genscher, recently revived the idea of an interim solution along the lines of the walk-in-the-woods compromise discussed last summer by the two negotiators of the superpowers, Nitzze and Karpov, Kohl came out with statements that indicated support.

This departure from the tough line caused consternation to the German defence minister, Manfred Woerner, who was just then in Washington, and to his hosts. But it helped Kohl at home, where he faces a hot autumn of peace demonstrations, and where he needs to show that he, too, is "not an addict of missiles," as he phrased it.

If he can make a convincing show that he, too, has pressed Washington to negotiate seriously in Geneva before it proceeds to sta-

tion the missiles, he will take much of the wind out of the Social Democratic opposition, which takes just that stand.

TO CAP his shrewd tactical maneuvering, Kohl put in a highly-skilled performance in his handling of relations with East Germany, which are the barometer of East-West relations.

Just before he went to Moscow, he let it be known that his government had guaranteed a one billion Deutschmark credit to East Germany. But he had cleverly let Franz Josef Strauss engineer this, and take the credit — and the blame from the die-hard anti-communists in the Christian Social Union — for the whole affair.

Kohl may not have the inborn authority, the sense of history, the sweep of imagination that make a statesman. But he is a shrewd political tactician, and has so far succeeded in projecting an image of credibility, reliability, and human warmth, both at home and abroad. Underneath the amiability, however, there is a core of toughness and, as some who have followed his career say, even ruthlessness. Without these qualities, he would probably have not been the political survivor that he is.

AS FAR AS Israel and the Near East are concerned, Kohl is likely to adopt an approach that takes the American lead, in line with his general alignment with the great ally. He has already demonstrated that in his statements when Egypt's President Mubarak was in Bonn last year, and in the European Community. Resolutions like the Venice Declaration of 1980 — now quietly buried — are not likely to be accepted again, as far as Germany is concerned. Kohl is probably more conscious of the limited role that Europe can play in the Middle East conflict, and no German initiatives inconsistent with U.S. policy are to be expected.

On the quiet, in the manifold areas in which the daily relations between Germany and Israel are practised, Kohl's administration will be as helpful to Israel as were previous German governments. On the issue that will hang in the air when Kohl comes to Israel — the possible sale of Leopard-2 tanks — the German chancellor said two weeks ago that he prefers not to discuss the matter in Jerusalem, but that he will discuss it in Riyadh if it is brought up there, and that a reasonable middle way will have to be found, taking into account German interests.

What these German interests are remains vague. Germany has, for well-known political reasons, imposed limitations on itself with regard to the export of arms — not only to the Middle East but to "areas of tension" anywhere outside NATO. There have been growing pressures to relax these restrictions and to join the competition of the lucrative arms business.

Arms sales that affect the security of Israel, however, are a special case, and there is considerable opposition to them not only in the Social Democratic Party, which fouled Helmut Schmidt in selling arms to Saudi Arabia, but also within Kohl's own party and coalition. True to character, Kohl has already said that he would like to follow some "middle way." It would seem that the last thing he would want would be for the matter to be dramatized and made an issue of prestige for the Saudis. And that would also seem to be in Israel's own best interests.

TWO YEARS AGO, when Mietek (Mieczyslaw) Grudzinski was 33, he lived with his wife and two young children in a reasonably comfortable old Warsaw flat. Although there were shortages of almost everything in Poland that summer, the veteran dissident wasn't complaining. Solidarity was at its highest peak, and he was head of the fledgling trade union's film unit, an all-absorbing, creative, round-the-clock type of job that combined his twin passions: cinema and fighting to make Poland a democracy and part of the West.

That all changed at midnight on December 12, 1981. Four men, two in uniform and carrying crowbars, two in mufti, rang his doorbell, claiming they had a telegram to deliver. The piece of paper he was given was an arrest warrant. Mietek and many other high-ranking Solidarity officials rounded up in the hours before martial law was declared were interned at Bialoleka, a prison on the outskirts of Warsaw. The charge: suspicion that he would engage in activity contrary to existing Polish law.

Mietek was to remain at Bialoleka until April 1, 1982, when he was sent to a hospital to be treated for hepatitis.

And five months later, he loaded his 1977 Polish-made Fiat with a few of his several thousand books, his clothes, personal effects and papers — the latter were stolen hours later, while he was saying goodbye to his parents — and headed West.

TODAY, MIETEK LIVES in a cheap, one-room flat in Belleville, a Paris district populated mostly by emigrés from Black Africa and North Africa. His now estranged wife has custody of the children and an apartment across town. Mietek spends some of his time trying to drum up work for his film crew who, like all Solidarity activists still in Poland, have gone underground. The task is almost impossible logistically, and frustrating because his main clients, the American and European TV networks, have all but lost interest in the "cause." Every day, he goes out to look for an eight-to-five job in his actual field, which is data processing. This is also no easy task in a country with two million unemployed; especially if you have only recently learned

In Paris, JOAN BORSTEN meets some expatriate Poles who try to keep alive the free trade union that has been banned in their homeland.

Solidarity IN EXILE



Mietek Grudzinski sits at Polish memorial in Paris. The Eiffel Tower can be seen in the background.

Shelley Guzin

French, and your heart is in film-making.

But he persists. Becoming a "professional dissident" cost him his marriage. Becoming a "professional exile," he feels, will cost him his dignity. He is repelled by the Soviet emigrés who gather in Paris

sidewalk cafés to reminisce in Russian, the only language they know, about the "good old days" 20 years ago, when the KGB was dogging them in Moscow.

I THINK OF Mietek as a dear old friend though, in fact, we first met

only three years ago. He was then working as the liaison between Polish Television's feature-film department and America's Time-Life Company, which together were producing a three-hour movie for CBS-TV based on *The Wall*, John Hersey's novel about the Warsaw

Ghetto. I was sent to Poland to write about the production when it was being filmed on location in the adjacent industrial cities of Sosnowiec and Katowice, both near the Czech border. Mietek came to meet me at the airport and put me in the production company's car headed for Sosnowiec.

It is now known that the events of August 1980 set the stage for the birth of Solidarity, Poland's now illegal independent trade union. Local coal miners were angrily defying national law by striking for higher wages and relaxed censorship. So were shipyard employees in Gdansk, bus drivers and garbage collectors in Warsaw, textile workers in Lublin. There were long queues at the butcher shops, although enough overpriced meat was available to warrant opening them at all. There were virtually no fruit or vegetables to be had.

I knew all this not from the newspapers or television, but because on my way out of Poland I spent several days in Warsaw with Mietek as my guide. The job at Polish TV was only a job; but it awakened in the dissident his love for cinema. One of the country's hard-core activists, he had begun working against the authorities as a teenager, distributing leaflets and editing illegal pamphlets. He was an early proponent of Nova, Poland's powerful underground press, and part of a group organized to aid political prisoners and those persecuted because of their role in the 1976 riots which closed down the Radium and Ursus factories. He joined KOR, the Social Self-Defense Committee founded in the wake of those riots, which was instrumental in organizing first the 1980 strikes and then Solidarity.

THE SON OF Jews who were such diehard communists that they remained in Poland after World War II, Mietek had already been jailed briefly when I first met him. Four days before filming ended, while arranging for a charter plane to take *The Wall* cast and crew from Cracow to London and away from the revolution brewing in Poland, he disappeared.

"Because of my record, every time something was going on in Poland, I had 'visitors,'" explained Mietek, as we drove around Paris in

his small Fiat, which still has Polish number-plates and which, therefore, still inspires the French to flash "V" victory signs at him.

"And it was true that all during the filming of *The Wall*, I was working on an information bulletin a group of us put out to inform the public about the strikes. The newspapers, of course, didn't carry such information. I knew I was in trouble as soon as they arrested me. Previously I was held incommunicado for 48 hours and then freed, because otherwise they would have to indict me. This time, I was charged immediately with being a member of an illegal anti-communist group. There were 40 of us arrested in Warsaw, most of us members of KOR. We remained in jail until September 1, and were only released then because our freedom became one of the demands of the striking dock-workers."

FIFTEEN days later, Mietek had his first job with Solidarity, still known at that time as the Free Trade Union. He was asked to organize the Warsaw branch office, a position directly responsible to Zbigniew Bujak, the 25-year-old president. A year later, bored with being a bureaucrat, uncomfortable with the new leadership that had just been elected, caught in a power struggle, he took the job that had been proposed to him earlier: organizing a film unit for Solidarity.

"There had been some attempts by amateurs with 8mm. cameras to document what was happening, but not in an organized fashion," explained Mietek. "There were also three or four professional filmmakers complaining that they couldn't work through normal government channels. So it was decided to organize an independent unit connected with Solidarity. The idea was to document union activity around the country, to compile a history of Solidarity, an archive with stills and footage. I organized a Rapid Deployment Force with small, lightweight cameras and sound equipment. Whenever something was happening, I sent the team out. There was always what to shoot."

Mietek's film unit also provided services for foreign TV crews that had problems getting visas to Poland. Such work was illegal of course, but Mietek took advantage of the need to acquire, in lieu of money, much-needed equipment and raw materials. The feature-film industry helped them to organize.

The unit was just getting off the ground when martial law was declared. Now in Paris, Mietek is unable and unwilling to break with his past, and what was probably the most exciting, exhilarating year and a half of his life, so he regularly makes his way to Solidarity-in-exile. The Paris branch is located in three small rooms on the second floor of the building — occupied by the French Socialist Party's CFDT trade union.

Officially, Solidarity-in-exile's headquarters is in Brussels, alongside the World Federation of Trade Unions. And it is out of Belgium that the chief of staff works along with the highest ranking Solidarity activists not now in Poland — several former elected officials of the trade union's Gdansk branch. But more than 1,000 activists have gathered in Paris, a city with a long history of giving asylum to Poles, Poles are not Czechs, and only a minority of the "new immigration" are intellectuals like Mietek, or top filmmakers like An-

drej Wajda, Krzysztof Zanussi and Agnieszka Holland.

Most are low-level activists. Some are in Paris because by chance they were abroad when martial law was declared. Others were among the 4,510 ex-internees and activists deemed so politically undesirable by Polish authorities that they were asked to emigrate, agreed, and then were lucky enough to receive a visa.

A few, like Mietek, are in Paris for personal reasons and actually have the right to return to Poland. The Jewish anti-communist still occasionally dreams of going "home," but knows that his leadership position in Solidarity/Warsaw coupled with his long time membership in KOR make such a decision unrealistic.

Solidarity-in-exile resembles the headquarters of a low-budget municipal campaign. The walls are covered with posters, maps, lists of supporters. Above the typewriters and filing cabinets are bulletin boards laden with information. The corridors are crowded with cartons of pamphlets and piles of newspapers.

Mietek arranges a meeting with the chief of Paris Solidarity-in-exile, Seweryn Blumsztajn, another activist of Jewish origin. A journalist by profession, Blumsztajn was on assignment abroad when martial law was imposed. Now he shares his office with the Xerox machine. Speaking through interpreter Ewa Zarzyckie, also a journalist, but one who has already been in Paris for years, Blumsztajn explains that Paris Solidarity is a "technical cell" which exists to disseminate information arriving from Poland, and to send back aid.

Although, the repressive new rules and regulations which replaced martial law are really what he wants to speak about, he agrees to discuss the situation in Poland from a cultural point-of-view.

"Poland is nothing like Czechoslovakia after 1968," he says proudly. "The Poles showed resistance. The government was obliged to dissolve all the creative unions, one after another — journalists, performing artists, plastic artists, cinema. Only the musicians' union was not suspended, and they too gave their support — I guess musicians are not considered as influential as those who make posters and movies."

"The authorities apparently had expected artistic milieu in some way to back their actions after martial law was declared. They were surprised to find none. It was a spectacular defeat. The most spectacular form of resistance was the boycott of performing artists. They refused to work for the state-run radio and television. Their boycott lasted one year, and because they were not seen on the screens or heard on the radio, the whole society knew what was going on. When a few broke the boycott, they were jeered out of the theatre."

"In my opinion, the strength of the actors inspired other creative unions to resist. It was only when the actors were reduced to poverty — the system in Socialist countries is that artists are paid through their unions, which are funded by the state — that the boycott ended. But even now the actors won't perform with collaborators or in propagandistic plays."

Blumsztajn speaks with understanding of the filmmakers' union which, after holding out for one and a half years, was recently "broken" by the government. The leadership, headed by Wajda, complied with a state order and resigned

from their positions, allowing authorities to split the community into more, and less, radical factions.

"Film, more than the other arts, is dependent on state financing to exist," said Blumsztajn. "You will see, however, that Poland is not Czechoslovakia. Our society is not broken. You should not expect interesting features out of Poland in coming years, but interesting documentaries. The best of our filmmakers, except Wajda and Zanussi who can work in Europe, are all shifting into underground documentaries which we will try to smuggle out of Poland."

THE MOOD is more pessimistic in the flat of Mietek's friend Agnieszka Holland, a half-Jewish film director and one of the most prominent representatives of the Polish "New Wave" cinema. She was in Sweden when martial law was imposed. The interviews she gave at the time compared the military coup to the Nazi occupation. Government spokesman Jerzy Urban then announced that Holland would never again work in Poland, at least not in cinema. The film she had just completed, *A Lonely Woman*, was banned.

Holland came to Paris "because that was where many other Poles were," and settled in with her young daughter. The apartment has a sense of permanence about it; the posters on the wall are framed, the furniture is not makeshift, there are plenty of books. Holland's husband, a Slovak-born film director — they met at the Czech national cinema school — is still in Poland.

"I still have a Polish passport," explains Holland, who wears a Mexican peasant dress which happens to be the same colour as the Polish flag. "But the system is that everytime you return from abroad, the authorities take back the passport. I know they'd never let me have it again. Besides, there is no work there, and even if I was permitted to make a film, the script would not be to my liking. We have come full circle in Poland. We are back to the Fifties."

Holland explains that already in the second half of the '70s, after Wajda, dean of Polish filmmakers, became head of the union, directors had a great deal of freedom. "We could speak more openly than the press," she says. The era began with Wajda's *Man of Marble* and we called it "the time of moral consciousness." It was a short period, but it allowed us to contradict — not directly — the many lies being told on the radio, TV and in the newspapers. Only through film could we speak about real problems in a roundabout way.

"Then came Solidarity and these issues were tackled by the press and documentary filmmakers. We were free and we could say what we wanted. But we had to learn to treat subjects directly. It was difficult. It meant learning a new language. Before August it was enough to utter just a bit of truth and you were courageous. Now, reality overtook us and courage was too cheap. If you wanted your voice to be heard again, you had to say something deeper; it was not enough just to state something."

Like the Czechs who had their careers cut short by the 1968 Russian invasion, Holland wrestles with the question of emigration. "The decision to leave is very difficult," she says, "and there is no right answer. In Poland a director is an artist and an artist has not only privileges but an obligation to the public. If I betray them, then I have no right to make films for them."

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Danish Warehouses

A PRISONER'S DIARY

visit with his family. In a sullen mood I sit down to my usual prison supper, when suddenly the cell door swings open. In steps a screw — with a birthday cake for me. My surprise is matched only by my joy. It turns out that my sister had stood for several hours in front of the prison until she found someone willing to take the cake in for me. In addition, a liberal screw was found, who took the cake from one cell to another until he found me.

Monday, February 15

On this day I hear from the screw (those words all prisoners wait for: "Pack your things.") I know that they are transferring me to the other cellblock.

My cellmates are all friends of mine. I feel wonderful. This cellblock is completely different from the other one. Whether accidentally or not, there are representatives here of all the various currents of the democratic opposition: Adam Michnik, Jan Litynski, Andrzej Czuma, and Emil Morgiewicz were all here, as well as KPN (Confederation for an Independent Poland) activists, publishers from the independent publishing houses "Nowa" and "Krag," activists from the Independent Student Association and, of course, from Solidarity.

A day in the cell is completely different than before. In the morning, quiet for reading and studying. After mid-day digressions come, and discussions, to which internees from other cells come, and discussions. After lights are turned out, or on biology. Sometimes Konrad Blonski spoke on the fundamentals of mathematics. During this time I read the volumes of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, engaged in

innumerable discussions with my friends — I also began studying French.

A sign of the intensity of intellectual life in this cellblock is the publication of two competing internees' newsletters, duplicated by hand. Both contained information based on short-wave radio broadcasts, and both had journalistic pretensions. The prison authorities and the SB, of course, knew about this intense spiritual life and try to halt it. Three or four times a week they come search our cells, often when we are out on our walks. But in spite of the frequent searches or the punishments meted out to the internees, the authorities are not able to stop either the radio-monitoring or the intellectual life around our newsletters.

Thursday, April 1

I HAVE just finished the sixth volume of Proust when the screw comes with that sacred sentence: "Pack all your things." I'm going to the hospital! I've got hepatitis, too! I begin to look for an enlarged liver on myself, but of course I don't find anything.

The weather is beautiful, I walk together with a friend who had also had symptoms of hepatitis. Wearing winter clothes and escorted by a single *ubek*, we walk across the prison courtyard. In front of the exit from our cellblock, the screws, obviously under the pressure of the SB, search us — but only superficially; clearly they are afraid of catching hepatitis.

Walking across the prison courtyard, I see the faces of my comrades, who came to the windows to cheer and shout their goodbyes. Just past the prison gate an ambulance is waiting, with a smiling driver and a medical assistant. The *ubek* who was escorting us returned my internal passport to me. He also handed me a "Pass from the Bialoleka internment camp." I still have that pass.

By Mietek Grudzinski. Translated by David Julian Ost.

Thursday, December 17

I AM gradually getting used to my new conditions. The lack of any soap products or cigarettes is especially bothersome, though I am in a rather privileged position here, since I had brought with me some rolling papers and tobacco as well as toothpaste and a toothbrush. After a few days, the cell smokes up all my tobacco and we had to take up smoking butts.

On the third day at Bialoleka, the SB began to hold discussions with the internees. These discussions were carried out in a very schematic way, and consisted chiefly in proposing that the internee sign the so-called "Declaration of Loyalty." The text itself was formulated in very general terms, so signing it posed no moral dilemma for the internee. Nevertheless, the majority of my colleagues, interned in Bialoleka, not only refused to sign anything in prison, but refused to even have discussions with SB (security police) agents. It was a form of passive resistance, a protest against the omnipotence of the SB.

Every one of us was summoned several times to such discussions. The SB was so anxious to have such talks with us that the prison authorities arranged special quarters for them in our cellblock. In spite of all this, the internees decidedly refused such talks, and in so doing left themselves open to various forms of repression from the SB.

Saturday, January 23

TODAY I turn 34 years old. It is a Saturday, a visiting day at Bialoleka. I already know that my name is not on the list of those entitled to a visitor today, despite the fact that my sister has been trying for the previous two weeks to see me precisely on my birthday. Either the malice of the commander, the all-powerful SB or an accident decided that on that very day I was the only person in my cell who did not get to

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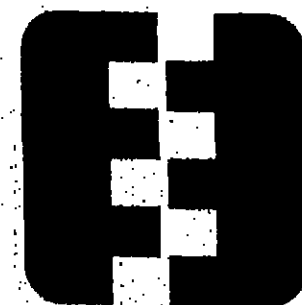
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The secret spring of Salvadora

A Dutch psychic's vision led desert searchers to an unexpected oasis near Ein Gedi. ABE KRAMER and photographer Karen Benzian visited the site recently.

IN DECEMBER 1976, an IDF officer was reported lost in the desert, in the vicinity of Ein Gedi. A search was mounted with the aid of geologist Elie Raz, then director of the Nature Protection Society's field school in the area, and his team of desert experts. The search was fruitless; after some weeks it was abandoned as hopeless.

The officer's family persisted, however. They were determined to continue, in the hope of at least finding the body in order to give it a proper burial.

They had heard that psychics are often able to locate lost individuals and objects, and decided to contact a Dutchman, Peter Hurkos, who is reputed to be exceptionally successful in this kind of search.

made in the letter about the lost man, but the assumption was that he would be found there.

"Ridiculous," was Raz's response. It was very unlikely, he asserted, that there could be water in the area.

But the family of the missing man did not give up. Letters and telegrams went back and forth from them to the IDF, to the psychic and to Raz.

Finally, the geologist decided to put an end to the matter once and for all; he would investigate personally, and demonstrate that it was all a ludicrous hoax. Taking a small exploratory party, he drove to the spot on the highway indicated by the psychic in his letter.

RAZ DISMISSED the notion as so much nonsense, but the family insisted and persuaded the army to contact the Dutch psychic.

The man wrote back that it was not necessary for him to come to Israel, where he had never been; he asked only that a map of the Ein Gedi area be sent to him.

The geologist scoffed at this too. Nevertheless, an ordinary road map of the area was despatched to Holland.

In due time a reply arrived: "I see a large tree near a spring under a high cliff, at the end of a ravine whose entrance is at a point on the road north of Ein Gedi." The psychic specified the location and directions exactly. No mention was

AT THAT POINT, close to the road, they indeed found a cleft in the cliff wall leading down into a narrow gap. The group clambered down into the opening and, penetrating inside, discovered it was a hidden, hitherto unexplored, ravine that cut deep into the mountain.

They followed the rocky, ascending gorge between closely towering walls of stone, climbing over steep rises that blocked the route at a couple of points. After about a half hour of this, Raz was ready to call a halt to the expedition as an exercise in futility. He was just at the point of turning back, when he heard an unmistakable dripping sound — water.

A short distance further, the ex-

plorers came upon a large tree by a spring running through a crevice, which exactly fitted the description of the psychic in Holland.

They named the spring Nahal Salvadora, after the hardy desert tree with bright green leaves found in oases throughout the region and named Salvadora Persica.

"The place," recalls Raz, "is precisely the distance from the field school that the man said it was."

But the body of the missing army officer was not at Nahal Salvadora, and has never been found. Raz does not attempt any explanation of the long-distance psychic phenomenon. "It just happened that way," he says.

RAZ SUBSEQUENTLY discovered an easier way to reach Nahal Salvadora than through the ravine, where the two high obstructions — "like sheer walls" — were too difficult to be scaled by inexperienced climbers. And, in deference to our age and inexperience, he agrees to take us along the alternative, "easier" route, which is up the side of the mountain, parallel to the ravine.

We spend an arduous hour in the hot desert sun, climbing up the rocky incline that forms the base of the high crag towering above us. The route is tortuous, leading around and over huge boulders and through clawing desert thorn brambles.

Raz's dog, Petra, proves to be as expert a desert explorer as her owner, scouting far ahead, leaping from boulder to boulder and from one sharp crag to another. The dog instinctively knows where to find rock overhangs and shallow caves providing shade, under which we rest briefly two or three times.

At last we reach the site, and there it is: the Salvadora tree, with its spreading luxurious growth incongruous in the midst of the barrenness, nourished by the spring, a small but steady trickle issuing from a crevice in the mountainside.

IN THE SHADE of an overhang by the tree, Haifa-born Raz, today associated with Metzoke Dragot, a desert tour village, talks of his connection with the Judean Desert. He became a geologist "to learn to know the land better." His field of activity was in the Galilee until just after the Yom Kippur War, when he was asked to come down and work with the Ein Gedi Field School.

"I came expecting to stay only for a short period," he says, "but fell in love with the desert and decided to remain."

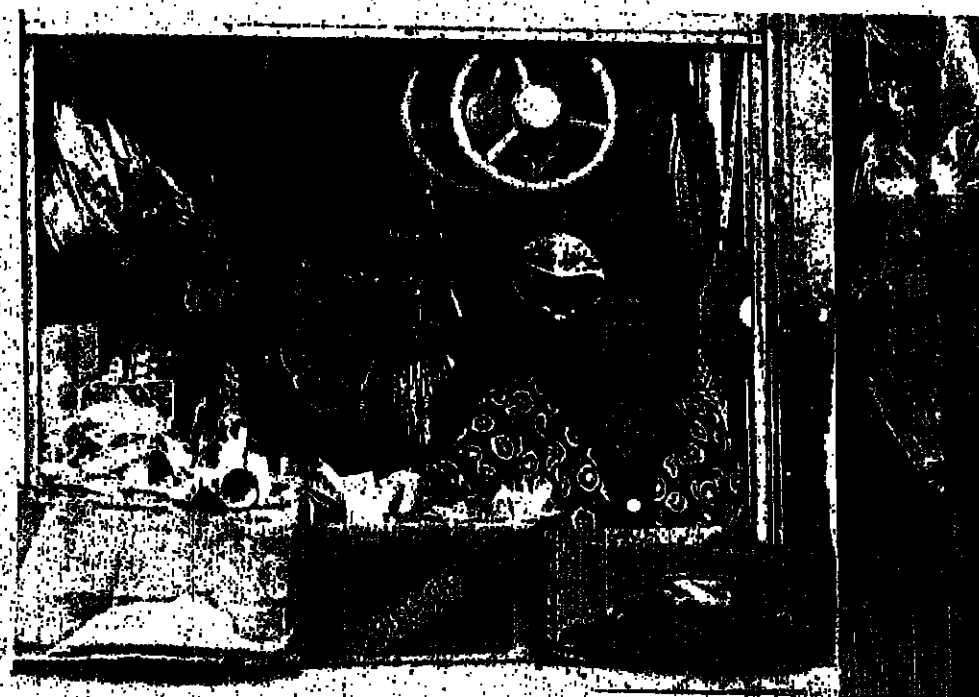
He has constantly discouraged grandiose ideas of creating desert tourist cities complete with hotels and all facilities.

"The desert is a sensitive place," he stresses, "with a delicate balance of nature involving animal life and vegetation, water sources and geological factors. You have to cooperate with it, not abuse it. If its balance is destroyed, it will affect the whole environment of the country. You don't cut off the branch you are sitting on."

What can be done, Raz says, is to bring people into the desert, to learn how to use it properly, how to protect it and how to enjoy its unique features. The Metzoke Dragot village is the embodiment of this philosophy.

The geologist has been involved "all too many times" in searches for people who lost their way in the desert, stranded or disabled by dehydration or accident. Some are found, others not. An expert guide and plenty of water are essential for desert trips, Raz emphasizes.





PAGE EIGHT



PEOPLE & PLACES

A portfolio of photographs by Gale Zucker.



THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1983

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem
APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromine, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)
THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hymn, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m. King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)
DAVID BROZA HOSTS PACO IBANEZ — Fantasy Spanish composer/singer, accompanied by his troupe. (Sultan's Pool, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
FOLK SONGS — English, Scottish, Irish, plus drinking songs. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
GOLDEN GUITAR — Shmuel Aharon plays classical and flamenco pieces tomorrow and Tuesday. Haim Baria plays classical, jazz and Israeli folk pieces on Wednesday and Thursday. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yael Salomon, at 8 p.m.)
GUITAR HAPPENING — Various performers. (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)
ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dancers. Pe'amed Talmud folk dancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
ISRAELI POLICE ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Menashe Lev-Ran, accompanied by organist Danny Givon, singer Rahmani, and the Jerusalem of Gold Dance Group. (Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)
JAZZ — Fred Weigal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Kabbat Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)
JEVISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Tzavta folk dancers, folk singers, Khalifa drummers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)
MAGICAL, MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — With the magic of Reuben Perry and the music of Shmuel. (Israel Centre, 10 Strauss Street, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)
DANNY BEN-ISRAEL — Songs we loved. (Astoria Hotel, poolside, Thursday at 9 p.m.)
EPHRAIM SHAMIR — In his programme of songs. (Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10 p.m.)
GIDI GOV AND YONI RECHTER — Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m.)
MAGICIAN SHOW — An experimental show of magic, and the insights of a professional, Cagliostro the Fantastic Magician. Adults only. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARI GROUP — (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)
NURIT GALRON — Programme of songs. (Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)
TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa
YOSSI BANAI — (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Other Towns
CAFE CONCERTO — Light classical music by various performers daily. (Sharon Hotel, Herzliya, lobby, today at 4 p.m. — 6 p.m.; Tuesday, 5 p.m. — 7.30 p.m.; all other days 5 p.m. — 7 p.m.)
EPHRAIM SHAMIR — (Avihail, Beit Hagadolim, tomorrow through Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
GIDI GOV AND YONI RECHTER — (Herzliya, David, tonight at 10 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, a canteen and walking shoes. Fee.

Sunday Elin Glora, Nahal Klatav and train ride to Jerusalem — Meet: 11.40 a.m. Return to Jerusalem Railway Station by about 5.30 p.m.

Monday Fortresses and springs of the Judean Hills — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 2.00 p.m.

Tuesday From Har Gilo to Jerusalem — Meet: 12.45 p.m. Return to Jerusalem about 6.00 p.m.

Wednesday Elin Kerem and Surroundings — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 1.00 p.m.

Thursday Masek Nature Reserve, Nahal Kesalon, Martyr's Forest — Meet: 9.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 3.00 p.m.

Friday The Eliazor Bloc and Herodian Water Tunnel — Meet: 7.50 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 2.30 p.m.

"Off-the-Beaten-Track" walks in Jerusalem — Guided in English.

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature. Meeting place: Office of the Society for the Protection of Nature, 13 Hefse Hamalia St., courtyard of Min. of Agriculture. Please bring hat, walking shoes and flashlight. Fee.

Sunday — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Roshan Compound, Ben Hinnon Valley, burial caves from Second Temple period. Hazaduma, City of David excavations. English about 1.00 p.m.

Tuesday — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Walk on city walls from Jaffa Gate to Damascus Gate. Tour Zedekiah's Cave, Armenian Mosque, Tomb of the Kings and St. George Cathedral. Finish about 1.00 p.m.

Thursday — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Water reservoirs and new sites in the Jewish Quarter.

Jerusalem through the Ages
Sunday and Tuesday 9.30 a.m. and **Thursday** at 2 p.m. — The Citadel, Jewish Quarter, Old Yishuv, Court Museum, reconstructed Sephardi Synagogues, Western Wall.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday at 2 p.m. — The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours. Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2 p.m. — Jewish Quarter archaeological and historical tour. Meet at Church Information Booth, Jewish Quarter.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1983



Grace Wong of America appears in a harp recital at the Tel Aviv Museum tomorrow night at 8.30 p.m.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
BUZMIMA — Musical about the Jews of Morocco. Produced by the Lilith Theatre. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)
MASTER HAROLD — Written by Athol Fugard (in English). This original Broadway production is autobiographical, and takes place in South Africa in 1950 — the tale of a white child and 2 black servants. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)
THROUGH 5 WINDOWS — Theatre collage by the Creative Theatre (in English). (International Culture Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)
Tel Aviv area
CRAZY TEACHER — (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF — Musical directed by Tom Abbot. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow, Sunday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)
THROUGH 5 WINDOWS — Theatre collage by the Creative Theatre (in English). (International Culture Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)
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THROUGH 5 WINDOWS — Theatre collage by the Creative Theatre (in English). (International Culture Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Monday and **Wednesday** at 4.45 p.m. and 8.45 p.m.

GYPSY THEATRE — With Zvika Fishon and Kobi Assaf. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE IDIOT — By the Lilith Theatre. (Cameri Theatre, tomorrow at 7 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN THE WOOD — By Haim Marín. Produced by the Cypess Theatre. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — By Yehonatan Gutfund. Directed by Itzik Volengarten. (Beit Lessin, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and 11 p.m.; Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Yuvai-Neva Zedek Theatre production. (Neve Zedek Theatre, tonight at 10 p.m.; tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MASTER HAROLD — (See Jerusalem for details.) (Tel Aviv Museum, today at 2.30 p.m.; Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUTINY — Based on the story by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Nola Chilion. About the

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
FLUTE AND PIANO CONCERT — With Ranan Eilon, flute; Dafni Kiri, flute; Anni Sharon, piano. Works by Chopin, C.P.E. Bach, Dvorak, Fauré and others. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

Tel Aviv area
HARP RECITAL — By Grace Wong of America. In a solo recital. Programme —

Other Towns
THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Samuel Lewis, in an open-air concert of light music. (Netanya, Kikar Ha'azmaut, Tuesday)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA — In a programme of mid-20th century light classical music. (Netanya, Kikar Ha'azmaut Country Club, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

For last-minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at 7th Jerusalem Post office in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

A

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONI/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
1st. Aug. 26
Double feature! ticket:
The Spy Who Loved Me 4.30
Sat. Aug. 27
History Of The World, Part I 7.15
Ragtime 9
Sun. Aug. 28
Double feature! ticket:
The Spy Who Loved Me 7
Foul Play 9
Mon. Aug. 29
History Of The World, Part I 6.30
Ben-Hur 8.15
Tue. Aug. 30
Kentucky Fried Movie 6.45
Ragtime 8.30
Wed. Aug. 31
Kentucky Fried Movie 6.45
Ragtime 8.30
Thur. Sept. 1
Missing 7, 9.15

EDEN
ALONE IN THE DARK
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9

KUNI LEMEL IN CAIRO
4 p.m.

EDISON
9th week
James Bond 007
OCTOPUSSY
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 3.45, 6.30, 9

HABIRAH
HERCULES
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9

BOY TAKES GIRL
4 p.m.

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Fri. 11 a.m. Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed. 11.30
THE SOUND OF MUSIC
Sat. 8.30, GIGI
Tue. 6, 8.30
WATERSHIP DOWN
Thur. 3.30
MUPPETS IN HOLLYWOOD

KFIR
THEY CALL ME TRINITY
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL
STING II
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9

ORGL
2nd week
BAD BOYS
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9
* PINOCCHIO

ORION Tel. 222914
KRULL
A world right years beyond your imagination
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
THE NEW BARBARIANS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

FUN
4 p.m.

RON
Wild comedy
NIGHT SHIFT
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR
13th week
FRANCES
* JESSICA LANGE
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA
13th week
SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 8.30
Weekdays 9 p.m. only
* MERVY STREPP
Best netrow Academy Award 1982
THE FLYING BEDSTEAD
4, 6 p.m.

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.10, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.10, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA
2nd week
DIE FLAMBIERTE FRAU
Friday 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 11, 5.30
KUNI LEMEL IN CAIRO

BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
Sun. Thur. 8.30; Tue. 8.30; We. 8.30

TELL ME A RIDDLE

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
4th week
BLUE THUNDER
* ROY SCHEIDER
* WARREN GATES
* CANDY CLARK
Tonight 9.30, 12.15; Sat. 7, 9.30
Today and weekdays 11, 2
THE FOX AND THE HOUND

CHEN 2
4th week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
Tonight 9.45, 12.15; Sat. 7, 9.40
Sun.-Wed. 7, 9.40
Thur. 4.30, 7.15, 9.40

CHEN 3
16th week
SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Tonight 10
Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 9.30
5th week
TRON
Today and weekdays 11 a.m., 2.40
(Thur. 4.30 only)

CHEN 4
4th week
CANNERY ROW
* DEBRA WINGER
* NICK NOLTE
Tonight 9.30, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.05, 9.35
(Thur. also 10.30 a.m. 1.30 p.m.)
Weekdays 11, 2, 4.40
(Thur. 4.40 only)
HERDIE GOES BANANAS

CHEN 5
7th week
THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
Tonight 10, 12; Sat. 7.15, 9.35
Weekdays 11, 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.35

CINEMA ONE
HERCULES
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEREL
3rd week
SILENT MOVIE
* MEL BROOKS
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN
Fri. 10 p.m.
SUMMER LOVER
Fri. midnight, weekdays 9.30
midnight SEX FILM
Sat. and weekdays at 7.15
ANNIE

ESTHER Tel. 225610
3rd week
LAST PLANE OUT
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT
2nd week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
THE DARK CRYSTAL
Another world, another time... in the age of wonders

THE DARK CRYSTAL
Directed by Jim Henson and Frank Oz

HOD
Premiere
BREATHLESS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN 1
4th week
BLUE THUNDER
* ROY SCHEIDER
* WARREN GATES
* CANDY CLARK
Tonight 9.30, 12.15; Sat. 7, 9.30
Today and weekdays 11, 2
THE FOX AND THE HOUND

CHEN 2
4th week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
Tonight 9.45, 12.15; Sat. 7, 9.40
Sun.-Wed. 7, 9.40
Thur. 4.30, 7.15, 9.40

CHEN 3
16th week
SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Tonight 10
Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 9.30
5th week
TRON
Today and weekdays 11 a.m., 2.40
(Thur. 4.30 only)

CHEN 4
4th week
CANNERY ROW
* DEBRA WINGER
* NICK NOLTE
Tonight 9.30, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.05, 9.35
(Thur. also 10.30 a.m. 1.30 p.m.)
Weekdays 11, 2, 4.40
(Thur. 4.40 only)
HERDIE GOES BANANAS

CHEN 5
7th week
THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
Tonight 10, 12; Sat. 7.15, 9.35
Weekdays 11, 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.35

CINEMA ONE
HERCULES
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

NEW CINEMA GORDON
Ben Yehuda 87, Tel. 244373
2nd week
ANOTHER WAY
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5.15, 7.30, 9.30
English subtitles
Another way is almost a revolutionary movie. Intelligent and sensible... Dan Fainaru
"Golden Palm" best actress, and International Critics Prize, Cannes, 1982

LEV I
Dizengoff Center Tel. 288668
2nd week
THE SECRET OF NIMH

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2nd week
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LEV I
Dizengoff Center Tel. 288668
2nd week
THE SECRET OF NIMH

PEER
2nd week
A new Polish film
VA BANQUE

STUDIO
4th week
TABLE FOR FIVE

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WOHL AMPHITHEATRE HAYARKON PARK
3rd week
SPLIT IMAGE

STUDIO
4th week
TABLE FOR FIVE

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4th week
TABLE FOR FIVE

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THE STORY OF Q
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Adults only

ONLY
PETER PAN
11.4
DINER
6.45, 9

PEER
HAPNIMIYA
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON
BOY TAKES GIRL
4, 7

SABABA
9 p.m.

SHAVIT
E.T.
4.30 p.m.

PISHOTTE
6.45, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
4th week
BLUE THUNDER
Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.30

LILY
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7.15, 9.30
BREATHLESS

BOY TAKES GIRL
Weekdays at 4

OASIS
PINK FLOYD in THE WALL
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30
PETER PAN
4 p.m.

ORDEA
Fri. 10, Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
A Stanley Kubrick production:
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Matinees at 4: FUN
RAMAT GAN
8th week
RETURN OF THE JEDI
("Star Wars")
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID
3rd week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
7, 9.30
TIFERET
4, 7.15, 9.15
THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
2nd week
BLUE THUNDER
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
4.30: PINOCCHIO
SAVOY
VERDICT
Fri. 10, Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30
Sun.-Thur. 11.30: ANNIE
5.30: BOY TAKES GIRL

Ramat Hasharon Cinemas

★ STAR
Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Pink Floyd The Wall
Sat. 11 a.m.
Gulliver's Travels
Sat. 1.30: Annie Hall

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem
FROM ENEMY TO FRIEND — Based on a Shol Askenazi story, performed by pupils of Hacharnel School (Tzavta, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)
FROM LAUGH TO LAUGH — Chaplinesque clown performance by the Meirad Theatre (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 11.15 a.m., 4.30 p.m., Wednesday at 11.15 a.m.)
GIGI AND THE MOON — Wandering theatre with audience participation (Israel Museum, Sunday and Monday at 4.30 p.m.)
THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 5.30 p.m.)
THE KING AND THE MOON — Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Fruit Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

MA? MU? — A STORY IS BORN — (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.; today, Sunday, Monday and Thursday at 11.15 a.m.)
SCENT OF COOKING — Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Fruit Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)
Tel Aviv area
EZRA DAGAN — Variety show. Songs, pantomime, circus and clowns. (Hacharnel, Old Jaffa, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)
FAMILY FUN — Including tricks by chimpanzees, dolphins, and sea lions, puppet theatre, clowns, cartoons and more. (Dolphinarium, Charles Clore Park, today at 10 a.m. and 12 p.m.; other days at 10 a.m., 12 p.m. and 5 p.m.)
1000 FACES — Pantomime with Julian Chagrin. (Beit Levin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Other towns
THE KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY — Presents a 5-part programme. Views in Israel: Somaia; Tzavta; Chair Game; Troubles. (Kibbutz Kinneret, Monday at 9 p.m.; Tel-Hai, Wednesday)

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE — The comics serial about the little orphan who conquers the heart of a hard-boiled millionaire and introduces some horse sense and kindness in his world, has become first a huge musical and now a movie musical, living most of its ingenuity in the process, and replacing it with the glamour and cuteness of old Hollywood.

BLUE THUNDER — John Badham's film about a helicopter prepared as a tool by American right-wing government extremists against eventual terrorist activities at the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Sick, professional, amusing and entertaining, it portrays the struggle between good (played by Ray Scheider), and evil (played by Malcolm McDowell).

CANNERY ROW — A kind of mythical glorification of the simpler aspects of life by director Simon S. Ward. Beautiful camerawork by Sven Nykvist.

DINER — Remarkable performances by Steve Guttenberg, Daniel Stern, Mickey Rourke, Kevin Bacon and Timothy Daly in this comedy drama about five friends making the difficult transition into manhood. Screenplay and direction by Barry Levinson.

E.T. — A creature from outer space, stranded on Earth, is helped by a bunch of kids to regain his spaceship. A heartwarming, cheerful thriller, which recaptures the charm and excitement of cinema in its prime. Directed by Steven Spielberg.

FINALS — A puppy-love yarn based on a book by best-selling youth market novelist Gailtin Ron-Feder.

FOUL PLAY — Delightful film starring Goldie Hawn, Chevy Chase and Burgess Meredith. Pope Pius XIII has come to San Francisco and there is a plot to assassinate him. Suspenseful moments with strange looking people and very funny moments with others not so strange looking combine to produce a delightful evening of entertainment.

FRANCES — The real-life story of actress Frances Farmer set in Hollywood of the '30s. Farmer is depicted as an individualist who is crushed by an industry for conformists. Excellent acting by Jessica Lange in the title-role.

FUN — This Israeli film is anything but — it's just another inconsequential high-school romp.

RAGTIME — Miles Forman's film falls short of E.L. Doctorow's novel which describes every class and milieu in early 20th century America. However the cast perform well and the photography is outstanding.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK — This George Lucas-Steven Spielberg venture creates magic out of sheer energy. A glorious, unabashed piece of entertainment.

THE RETURN OF THE JEDI — A world of money-milking nerds who can control the cleverest machines is what director Richard Marquand's film is all about. The script by Lawrence Kasdan and George Lucas makes a children's fairy tale look terribly sophisticated in comparison.

SEARCH AND DESTROY — A group of Vietnam vets are thrown back into warfare when a former enemy decides to come to America to kill them off. An Oriental villain with a mangled hand, a veteran who really misses killing "gooks," a cop too silly to believe and enough gratuitous violence may make for tension but they also make one wonder what they made this film in the first place.

SILENT MOVIE — Truly silent, not a word spoken in this hysterical comedy directed by Mel Brooks who also stars as a director trying to make a silent movie in Hollywood. Mad goings on with his buddies Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise.

TOOTSIE — Michael Dorsey (Dustin Hoffman) puts on a woman's dress, a wig and a pair of high-heeled shoes — and succeeds in getting the part of a middle-aged female hospital administrator in TV soap. A most enjoyable comedy — possibly the best thing that ever happened to director Sydney Pollack.

THE VERDICT — Everyone who has ever routed for the little man's struggle to overcome not only corruption, but the big machine defending it, is going to come up smiling from Sidney Lumet's latest film.

YOL — 5 jailed Turkish men are given a week's furlough. Through their stories, we get to see Turkey and her people. Excellent filming and some incredible performances make this a film no true film buff would want to miss.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

DANCE

Tel Aviv area
BATSHIEVA DANCE COMPANY — Musical performance — Instructors by Chana Nalorin, Pas de Pezzi by Chana Nalorin; Tzavta Games by Robert North. (Old Tel Aviv, Municipality Square, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

PANTOMIME CIRCUS — By Batshieva Dance Company, with Laila Gavi. (Wohl Auditorium, Hayarkon Park, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 5.30 p.m.)

Other towns
THE KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY — Presents a 5-part programme. Views in Israel: Somaia; Tzavta; Chair Game; Troubles. (Kibbutz Kinneret, Monday at 9 p.m.; Tel-Hai, Wednesday)

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Freshness of attack

IN HIS LATEST work for the Bat-Dor Dance Company, Domy Reiter-Soffer has created one of his most characteristic and masterful works. In *The Day Will Come* (music: Honegger's Symphony No. 2) he is once again (as in *Visitors of Time*) involved with the love of women for their men; their fears and despair in wartime; their longings and hopes. He conveys all this without a story line, but with dramatic emphasis and with relevance to our time.

The performance in the Jerusalem Theatre on August 18 was in the nature of a preview, but what I saw had a freshness of attack and a definition of movement that the company can hardly better in subsequent performances. The dancers communicated a first-night excitement which compensated for roughness (if any) and which is often lost in more rehearsed presentation.

A case in point on this night was Robert Cohan's *Tzitzit*, done without blemish but with a lack of spontaneity — except when the six women leapt across the stage and then drifted away into the dusk.

Something similar can be said of Jiri Kilián's *Blue Skin*. First, I missed the rich backdrop in this revival. Then the performance of the "black couple" seemed to have had its earthiness refined out into a semblance of the elegance of the "white couple." A stage mishap robbed the piece of meaning. The ladders did not function properly, blurring the message that the separate ethnic groups would climb together under one blue skin to better things. The result was largely confusion.

Othello, however, was as stunning as ever, with Jeannette Ordman, Redu Sheta and Philip Clyde maintaining their brilliance. But it was the effect of the new work that one carried away to mull over.

REITER-SOFFER has said that he was guided by Honegger's music; its composition began in 1941 when the Germans were occupying Paris and ended after the war. So, against a "visionary" background (by Eric Smith), the choreography began with an agitation engendered by drum rolls and expressing itself through an unguished (but by no means hackneyed) stretching of arms, bending of torsos and group clusters.

DANCE Dora Sowden

Among the women was one older figure (Ordman) appropriately dressed in sombre night blue and contrasting with the warm hue worn by the younger dancers (costumes by Lea Ladman). While the other couples clung in loving embrace, tormented by the grief of separation, Ordman's emotions in parting with her man (Sheta) and in welcoming him were fiercer, stronger, more passionate.

In this Sheta matched her, displaying resolution without rigidity, accepting fate nobly. In solo his sorrow was clear, in ensemble it was his steadfastness that emerged. Here the suggestion of military purpose was cleverly conveyed without undue regimentation.

Yet it was Ordman's intensely moving portrayal that held the mind and gave an inner core to the structural design of this evocative work.

The Day Will Come is Reiter-Soffer's 16th creation for Bat-Dor, but he has not limited himself to the company. In the past four months he has created works for four American companies plus some others — the Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre (Debussy's *La Mer*); the Indianapolis Ballet (Britten's *Serenade*); the San Francisco Contemporary Company (Honegger's Symphony No. 3) and the San Antonio Ballet (also *La Mer*).

For the Irish National Ballet, of which he is still artistic adviser, he set Ravel's *La Valse* and he is booked to go to Australia next March to set his *Equus*. This was such a success in the United States that it has been included in the repertoire of two companies (Maryland and Harlem).

In the Dublin Theatre Festival he directed James Stephens' play, *The Charismatic Daughter*, for the Abbey Theatre, won first prize as best director and has a return invitation from the Abbey to direct a new play.

I am sharing it, giving part of myself. I have been creating a lot in the United States and elsewhere in the past seven years, works that have nothing to do with Israel, and yet always I think there is a hint of my background."

He feels that *The Day Will Come* is futuristic, reflecting our reactions to war, foreshadowing peace.

"In the third movement, which Honegger has called 'Tidings of Peace,' while looking at the score, I found a section almost like *Illicita*. So, in that movement, the men become soldiers of peace," explains the choreographer, who feels Bat-Dor is better than ever, and that Ordman is "one of the best artistic directors" he has worked with. "She has a phenomenal brain," he says, "and I think she is better as a dancer, too, since I was last here. This way she understands her role in this work is quite profound."

ESTELLE SOMMERS, chairman of the American Committee for the Dance Library of Israel, was guest of honour, with her husband Ben, at the Central Library for Music and Dance in Tel Aviv on August 21. She brought an invaluable collection of about 100 dance photographs taken by Bernard Godfrey of *Newsweek*, some of them sizeable enlargements, all immensely valuable in studying dance form. Godfrey has promised more, she said, announcing that a Chicago dance critic and lecturer has donated her entire collection of books, films and photographs and is providing the funds for shipment.

Referring to the gala Library benefit night when the Bat-Dor Company's season opens in New York on September 19, Sommers spoke of the next project. Photographer Ken Duggan has donated a splendid photograph of brilliant dancer Cynthia Gregory, and 275 colour copies are to be made and sold for \$500 each. The first copy will be presented to Israel's prime minister. The plate will then be destroyed. Posters of the picture will also appear, to go on sale next year.

In a brief speech, Ben Sommers said, "Why we work so diligently for dance is because it has the power of bringing people together."

Among the guests was Sara Levi-Tanai, who had arranged a performance by two of her Israeli dancers.

FOR REASONS not entirely clear to me, it seems even harder for hotel grill-rooms to provide tasty, interesting food at reasonable prices than it is for the run-of-the-mill restaurant.

The grill-rooms close and re-open with changed decor and menu, often to no avail. What is their problem? One factor may be the tie to the hotel management, which sometimes seems to instill a certain carelessness into the staff.

On the other hand, the hotels often do try, and sometimes they come up with a very satisfactory meal which can compete in price with the kind of restaurant that has real waiters, tablecloths and place settings that don't look as if they were picked up at a rummage sale. But even these hotels have to face a long-standing prejudice on the part of the public against hotel cooking. Even when the grill-rooms do excel, they have trouble establishing their credibility.

It was with this in mind that I accepted an invitation to the newly reopened Silver Platter of the Carlton Penta Hotel in Tel Aviv. Located along the city's hotel row, just where Rehov Hayarkon dives to pass under Namir Square, the hotel has the misfortune of an entrance which, to put it mildly, is less than grand. As is usual on occasions when I am invited, I tend to be a bit more critical, so as to compensate for the fact that the staff know that I am their guest.

ORIGINALLY this restaurant specialized in a modified teri-yaki arrangement, with open grills where clients could watch their meat being cooked. Now the grills are covered

Intoxicating soup

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro



over, but there is still quite a bit of on-the-scene cooking, done from little carts brought to the table. The motto seems to be, "When in doubt, flame it."

To start my meal, I had a stuffed eggplant dish. Admittedly, eggplant is not my favourite vegetable. I feel that it requires too much work and that the result is usually not worth it. But on occasion I have had really excellent eggplant concoctions and I was curious to see what this kitchen could do.

What it came up with was a rather undercooked half of an eggplant filled with a vaguely Mediterranean mixture of cooked vegetables and topped with a slice of hot smoked

beef. Since we had to wait what seemed a very long time for our first course, I can only assume that the dish, which is one which should be ready in advance, was not available, and that the kitchen staff had to run around to prepare it in a hurry.

My companion ordered smoked beef, a fairly innocuous dish of very thinly sliced meat with a sprinkle of currant jelly.

THINGS perked up with the soup, a speciality of the house prepared by Dedy, the head waiter, at our table. Into the pan went onion, garlic, fresh tomatoes, tomato ketchup, a generous lot of gin (flambé, of course), beef stock and *parve* cream. For my part, I could have done

without the last item, which I felt detracted from the general effect, but the soup was not only fun to watch being made, it was also very good to drink.

Also prepared at the table were the salads, with a choice of tomato, cucumber, pepper and lettuce, as well as a number of sauces. When I asked for plain oil and vinegar, however, the waiter countered that he had a "very interesting vinaigrette." I should have been warned: a vinaigrette is not "interesting." It is made with standard ingredients in fairly standard proportions. I deserved the mixture of chopped pickles I received.

FOR THE MAIN course, I chose roast lamb Suleiman, a well-done saddle of lamb with a mild sauce of tomatoes, vegetables and pine nuts. I found the meat quite good, although I felt that the sauce contributed little. My companion's veal chop was very generous in size and pleasantly tender. Here the sauce seemed far more suitable.

With the meat we were served an elegant little mound of mashed and well-whipped potatoes, green squash flavoured with dill, and a tomato filled with corn. The squash, in particular, was excellent, adequately cooked but still quite crisp, and very well seasoned.

For dessert, I tried to restrain my piggish appetite and thus chose a melon pie, which turned out to be a little pastry with a light coconut crust, little blueberries and balls of fresh melon. I am happy to say that it was pleasant not only to my conscience, but my palate as well.

My companion, more sedately, chose the cooked pears and was

rewarded by a very good dish indeed.

We ended the meal with *café d'habile* prepared at the table with Stock's new Hallelujah orange brandy. It was a good show, complete with flames, and the coffee didn't taste bad either.

As a guest of the hotel I received no bill, but judging from the prices on the menu, I estimate that it would have come to about \$30 apiece, or \$53,000 for two at current exchange rates.

FOR THOSE interested in making tomato soup with gin, begin by frying a chopped onion in a little oil. When the onion is just beginning to soften, add a chopped clove of garlic and continue frying, stirring constantly, until both are lightly browned.

At this point add about two cups of chopped tomatoes, peeled if you don't mind the work involved. At this season especially, it is possible to use fresh, overripe tomatoes, which are very tasty and cheap as well. Pour in a tablespoon or two of tomato ketchup and continue to cook until the tomatoes are slightly softened.

Now for the fun. In a ladle, heat about half a cup of gin. Light it and slowly pour it into the tomato mixture. It helps if you have an audience. When the gin is all burned out, add to the soup three cups of beef stock. Naturally, homemade is best, but the stuff from a cube can be used at a pinch.

Heat until it boils, remove from the fire, and if you feel you have to, add a few spoonfuls of *parve* cream. Season with salt and freshly-ground pepper, and serve.

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Sat. at 7:30 pm: *Altered States*
Ken Russell
9:30 pm: *The Sweet Barbarians*
Sun. at 7 & 9:30 pm: *O Bon Burgalae*
Paulo Thiago
Mon. at 7 pm: *Chinatown* Polanski
9:30 pm: *The Black Hole*
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Little Prince*
7 pm: *Star Trek* with Leonard Nimoy
9:30 pm: *Reggae Sunsplash*
Wed. at 7 pm: *Continental Divide* with John Belushi
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Sargeant Getulio* Hermans House
7:30 pm: small hall *The Jazz Singer*
9:30 pm: *Rio Babylon* Novella d'Almeida, music by Jorge Ben
Midnight: *National Lampoon Animal House* with John Belushi
Fri. at 2:30 pm: *The Postman Always Rings Twice* with Jack Nicholson

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THE BRITISH may have lost most of their empire, but they have retained their ability to laugh at themselves. In fact, as the sun sets on more and more spots around the globe that have ceased to be coloured red on the atlas, so, almost in inverse proportion, British self-mockery seems to have expanded. We saw a supreme example of this attitude in *Anyone for Denis?* on Sunday night.

As in most farces, there was little plot and much repetition; to be honest, at times I found many of the scenes laboured and tedious. British comics can attain a very high level, particularly in sophisticated comedy, but they can be embarrassingly unfunny when they play for the guffaws or sniggers of the groundlings. This happens in many skits on life in goals and among the lower classes. So, in *Anyone for Denis?* I came to dread the appearances of the Russian spy, the British policeman and Denis's drunken friends. For that matter, John Wells as Denis became very, very boring. The acting of these people was down in quality to that of a high-school amateur production. Seventy-five minutes of this kind of thing would normally provoke utter, utter ennui.

But none of this mattered because of the magnificent performance by Angela Thorne as Margaret Thatcher, coming home unexpectedly to disturb Denis' week-end revels. The take-off was uncanny; it went far beyond the normal bounds of mimicry. She not only looked like Maggie, spoke like Maggie, and thought like Maggie, she seemed to have taken possession, like a Dybbuk, of Maggie's very soul and personality.

Every time she opened her prissy governess' mouth to speak, or flashed her little teeth in a smile, or leaned forward archly from the neck with that glazed, short-sighted look in her eyes, I could have bet my bottom shkel, or even my bottom dollar, that I was seeing the prime minister of England in action.

I would not be at all surprised to learn that the whole thing was a spoof on the public, and that, in the tradition of great farce, Angela Thorne, being unable to keep her appointment with the studio for the production of the film because of some subsequent engagement, persuaded Mrs. Thatcher to stand in for her.

Thorne's great acting was reinforced by her having been given some wonderful lines. Brilliant verbal wit is not generally found in farce, which relies heavily on visual jokes like pratfalls and pigs thrown at people's faces. But I will never forget Maggie's superb patriotic speech to the rebellious servants, and her polite French and German chit-chat, without her knowing either language, with Denis' boon companions, under the misapprehension that they are European diplomats. And the wince that she — the Iron Lady — was suffering from metal fatigue was perfect.

Farce usually relies on exaggeration, taking the outstanding qualities of the person being caricatured and pulling them out to outrageous extremes far beyond the limits of reality. Credibility is irrelevant. *Anyone for Denis?* did not have this effect. Angela Thorne's performance was so convincing that we did not suspend belief for a moment she was on screen.

Perhaps the explanation of this curious phenomenon lies in the fact that the real Mrs. Thatcher — or, rather, the Mrs. Thatcher we know through the television screen — looks, talks and behaves so much like a caricature of a real person.

A crown of Thorne

TELEREVIEW
Philip Gillon

(So, for that matter, do President Ronald Reagan and Prime Minister Menachem Begin.) The finger of scorn in *Anyone for Denis?* is really pointed, not at Mrs. Thatcher, but at the British public, for being so stupid as to entrust their destinies to so zany a leader.

I remember that Charlie Chaplin achieved the same effect in his ferocious parody in *The Great Dictator*. The horrors those monsters Hitler and Mussolini perpetrated on the world turned Chaplin's joke very sour. Yet, even now, despite all that they did, they seem to be such buffoons — like Idi Amin — that it is astonishing that so many millions of people took them so seriously.

Laughing at the zany qualities of leaders does not achieve anything practical, but it does help. *Anyone for Denis?* was first produced as a play by the Whitehall Theatre. It obviously did not influence the voters by an iota, but it would be interesting to know what the reaction in Great Britain to the play and TV show was; perhaps some Anglophile, who keeps tabs on what is happening in the Old Country, will let us know.

THE STARTLED eyebrows of many Israelis must have been wedged permanently in their hairlines throughout this skit on the private lives of the British premier and her spouse. Here we have come to accept permissiveness about sex on stage and screen, and even on the television screen, but I doubt whether our television people would get away with penetrating the privacy of the prime minister to laugh at him.

Several of our comic actors, notably Tuvia Tsafir, often do excellent take-offs of Begin and other leaders delivering orations, but they do not mock their private lives. Satire stops at the front door of the residence.

We have come a long way since *Nikul Rash* provoked the displeasure of Her Majesty, Queen Golda, who, like Queen Victoria before her was not amused. The stage and screen have been liberated from the shackles of conformity; Hanoch Levin's *Queen of the Bathub* debunked such sacred cows as the IDF. And the tragicomic fiasco of the Lebanese War is already coming under attack in plays and films. But I doubt whether Israel Television would have the guts to produce anything like *Anyone for Denis?* for our television. Just for the hell of it, won't somebody try?

EVER SINCE Burgess, Maclean and Philby in real life, and John le Carré and other novelists in fiction, made it so abundantly clear that every Britisher in any kind of security job, from the head of MI-5 down, is a Russian spy, it is not easy for the English to rock us with their strange approaches to life. But they certainly have succeeded in doing so in *Skorpio*, this three-part serial we are seeing on Sunday nights.

Incidentally, while I don't know what language contains the noun "Skorpio," I hazard a guess that the

translation for the word is "scorpion." If this is the case, why does the film open with what looks like a black tarantula crawling across the screen and making our flesh creep? I could swear that this part is being played by the same actor who crawled over James Bond's naked chest in the Caribbean. So why call him "Skorpio"? The final episode may explain all.

The new twist that the British introduced is that the heroine of the extraordinary plot of *Skorpio* is a terrorist who has seen the light and wants to reform. Masquerading as a sort of Mother Theresa, by day Gabrielle has cared in her time for thousands of refugees in various parts of the world. By night, we gather, she used to go out with assorted gangs of terrorists — we are given the impression that she belonged in her time to all the terrorist groups in the world — you name it, she was in it — assassinating innocent people by the score. Now, she explains ingenuously to her old friend Agatha, who whose home she is hiding in Scotland, she has had a change of heart, is sick of bloodshed, and thinks that, while her ideals were OK, the means she used to attain them were perhaps exaggerated.

Alas! Her old chums are not pleased about her new views, apparently because they don't like hucksters. So they are out to give her the treatment she was wont to administer to others. For some inexplicable reason, the British authorities, when they are not fighting about jurisdiction, are determined to protect her.

The strange thing about this looking-glass world is that we have a secret hope that she survives. How stupid can we be?

CIRCUMSTANCES beyond my control have obliged me — or, I think, the *not just* is enabled me — to watch television in the mornings and early afternoons. I have been much impressed by the daily provender for the young — *The Elephant Boy*, *The Time Tunnel*, *This Is It*, *The Sam Man*, *Diffrent Strokes*, *Near Ones* and *Dear Ones*, great sporting occasions. There are some things I would rather do by day than watch television, but I can think of a far worse fate than watching these shows, as I presume, hundreds of thousands of young Israelis are doing.

What a boon these programmes must be to harassed mothers during this endless summer vacation! They can at least put the kids on ice from 9 a.m. till 11 a.m. and from 5.30 p.m. onwards. If the diabolical plot of the Treasury to cut the school day by two hours comes to fruition, I trust that Israel Television will rally to the rescue of working mothers, and will fill the gap with programmes.

THE MYSTERY of Herman Charles Bosman-Herman Charles Malan has been solved, and I am grateful to three readers for helping to clear it up. One even sent me an express letter from Beersheba. Apparently I was right last week when I said Bosman had called himself Malan. He used his mother's maiden name as a *nom de plume*.

But I can't win them all. Last week I referred to a Herul-economist former MK who appeared on the 5 o'clock news programme — which steadfastly refuses to print names — as Menahem Bader. His correct name was Dr. Yohanan Bader. Menahem Bader was a devout Labour Zionist, also interested in economics. To him, my profound apologies. □

Original sin



THEATRE
Uri Rapp

EVERY REVOLUTION has its genesis and its fall. In the case of the Russian Revolution, the "original sin" may be traced back to Kronstadt 1921, when Lenin and Trotsky gave the order to massacre the very sailors who had started the revolution in the first place, four years earlier. This was a workers' government killing workers for the sake of keeping power, and it has happened since in different ways in different countries.

Of course, events in Israel cannot really be compared to those in the Soviet Union or Poland; for one thing, there has been no internal uprising here (with the one exception of the Altalena).

But the so-called seamen's mutiny of 1951 — which was merely a labour conflict blown up into seemingly proportions by their adversaries — and its brutal repression by the forces of a labour (Mapai) government and of the Histadrut itself does bear some slight resemblance.

These were the very men and ships which, a few years before, helped establish the state by bringing in the "illegal" immigrants in the face of the mighty British Navy. These ships and men became the Israeli Merchant Marine, and the strike was mainly about self-representation in their own trade union.

Hopes ran high of having a fleet different from others, run on kibbutz and Palmah lines, without

smuggling and with union democracy. They were shattered by the usual process: revolutionaries coming into power and abandoning their principles for the sake of power and the later corruption which turned the seamen into "importers." The backbone of these Palmah sailors was broken, and some people think that the loss of morale and morality dates from this strike, which shook the whole country.

THIS ALSO SEEMS to be the thesis of Yehoshua Sobol in *The Seamen's Mutiny*, as a union strike is termed by its denigrators, currently playing at Tel Aviv's Beit Lessin. The whole play takes place during one night on board a ship in Haifa port, with the seamen picketing the ship before it is stormed by the police, army and even Histadrut forces.

The characters are drawn with great fidelity. Yankel Bar-Sira, as the ship's cook, supplies the comic relief (though he is far from a fool) within the sombre setting. Direction is by Nola Chilton.

The young actors are quite competent, and a more complex character is ably played by Amnon Zadok. These are Israeli actors playing Israeli types, reproducing

their speech, mannerisms, jokes and horseplay. It is all rather undemanding, but will be appreciated by the mainly young audience.

For Sobol this is a step back, both in a positive and a negative sense. In content, he is consistently engaged in a search for the "roots" of modern Israeli society, which does not seem much to his liking. Here he is doing us a service. However, from a theatrical point of view, the step back is negative, since in *Soul of a Jew* he advanced much beyond the "photo-realism" of earlier days.

The naturalism of the Haifa Theatre's heyday, of early Sobol and Chilton, was refreshing and significant in its first years, and much praised by almost everyone concerned with theatre and Israel's problems. The interest in the sub-judicial matter remains, but it can nowadays be treated in a different way. Theatrical devices are like most new fare: first they stimulate, then they grow on you, and finally they fade on your palate.

Much in this play is interesting; some is thought-provoking — but one would have wished for a larger panorama and a more complex view. Apparently this could not be achieved in a single naturalistic scene of 75 minutes' duration.

Also, I am not sure if a younger generation, which did not witness the events personally, will be able to gain the required insight through the play. The programme notes are not enough. □



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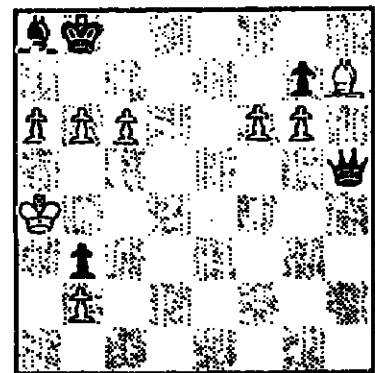
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CHESSE

Elihu Shahaf
Problem No. 3135
YEHUDA HOCH, Petah Tikva
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The Jerusalem Post



White to play and win (8-5)
SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 3133
(Aloni). 1.Rg2! (Black threatened
N2) 1... Kx2 2.Bd5 Kh2 (2... Kf2?
3.Nc4 Kx2 4.Nf6, and wins) 3.Nf3

Nf3 (3... Kx2 4.Rg1 Kf2 5.Rg5
Qh3 6.Nh2! Ng3! 7.Ng4 Kg1 8.Nc3,
followed by Rg6, and White wins.
Or 6... Qx2 7.Rg2 Qg2 8.Bg2 Kf2
9.a4, and wins) 4.Rh1! (4.Bf3? Nf2,
and White does not win) 4... Kh1
5.Bf3 Kg1! (creating a passed pawn
on the "f" file) 6.Bh5 g6, and in
this critical position only 7.e4! wins.

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THE International Composition
Congress, which includes the 26th
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Yam. A welcoming party will be
held on Monday night, and the
opening session the following day at
9 a.m. A meeting with Israeli
problemists will be held on Tues-
day, from 2:30 to 6 p.m. and will be
followed in the evening by mini-
lectures. The Solving Championship
will open on Thursday and will con-
tinue the following day.

CASABLANCA MEMORIAL
CIENFUEGOS, Cuba was the site
as usual for the Casablanca
Memorial, held May 21 to June 6. It
was divided into four sections, with
the main interest being the two
premier groups, both Category VIII
tournaments of 12 players. In
premier group I, GM Lev Psakhis of
the USSR blazed to a 9-1-1/2
score, leading Czechoslovakian IM
Prandstatter the runner-up by 2 1/2
points. Psakhis compiled a score of
8 1/2 out of 9 until "faltering" with a
pair of draws at the finish. Premier
group II saw a much closer contest.
Cuban ex-champion GM Jesus
Nogueira emerged the undefeated
winner, posting a 7-4 tally.

PSAKHIS J. FERNANDEZ
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 e6 3.Nc3 Bb4 4.e3
0-0 5.Nf3 d5 6.Be2 c6 7.0-0 Nbd7
8.Bd2 Qe7 9.Qc2 d4 10.Bc4 e5
11.Bh3 Bb6 12.Bc3 h6 13.Nh4 Re8
14.Nf5 Qf8 15.d5 Bc5 16.f4 Bc7
17.Rf3 Ne5 18.Nh6 g6 19.Qg6 Qg7
20.Bf7 Kf8 21.Be8 Ne8 22.Qc2 Nd6

At 7 1/2 — 3 1/2 were IM Andrei
Sokolov and untitled Boris Zlotnik.
Next came the uncompromising
Vladislav Vorotnikov, who won
seven games — the tournament
leader in that category — but lost
four times.

ANTOSHIN PANCHENKO
1.f4 e5 2.f5 d6 3.e6 Bb6 4.Nf3
g5 5.g3 g4 6.Nh4 Ne7 7.d4 Ng6
8.Ng6 h6 9.Qd3 Ne6 10.e3 Bf5
11.e4 Qe7 12.Bg2 0-0-0 13.0-0 Ne5!
14.Qd1 Nf3 15.Bf3 g3 16.e5 Rh2!
17.Qf3 Rh3 18.Bf4 Bf4 19.Qf4 Rh8!
20.Qf3 Qe5 21.Kg2 Rh2 22.Kg1
Rh1. White resigns. He is complet-
ely busted after 23.Qh1 Qe3 24.Kg2
Qe4, etc.

SOKOLOV FELLER
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nf6 3.e5 Nd5 4.d4
e4 5.e5 d6 6.Bc4 Ne6 7.Qe4 d6
8.Ng6 Nf6 9.Qd3 Ne6 10.e3 Bf5
11.Bg5 a6 12.0-0 b5 13.Rad1 Qe7
14.Nc4 Bc7 15.Bd3 Nb4 16.Nf6 g6
17.Bh6 Bh7 18.Nd4 Nb8 19.Bf8 Rf8
20.Be4 Nf5 21.Qh5 f5 22.Nf5 Qf6
23.Nd6. Black resigns.

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The rule of 14

BRIDGE / Hanan Sher



West, holding the following:

♠ J 10 9 6
♥ 10 5 3
♦ A Q 2
♣ Q J 7

The opponents are playing 15-17
point no-trumps, and the bidding
has gone as follows:

	South	West	North	East
1 NT	Pass	2♠	Pass	
2♠	Pass	2NT	Pass	
3 NT	All pass			

Now what do you know about the

opponents' hands? South has denied
a four-card major with his two-
diamond response to the Stayman
inquiry, and North does not have
the ten high-cards with which
he would have insisted on game.
Since South bid the game anyway,
he probably has 17 (or a good 16, or
a lot of confidence), and North
almost certainly has nine. That's 26,
and you have ten... which leave
partner with a maximum of four
points.

You lead the "safe" spade jack,

and the dummy comes down with
the following:

♠ A Q 2
♥ Q 7 6 4
♦ J 5
♣ 10 9 6 5

Declarer plays the spade queen,
with partner playing the seven. Now
declarer plays the diamond jack
from dummy and lets it run (East
has followed with the three to this
trick). You'd like a little more infor-
mation so you duck this trick, and
declarer plays the five of diamonds
to partner's four, his hand's ten and
your queen. Now how do you con-
tinue?

Before you make the "safe" lead
of another spade, let's try to
reconstruct declarer's hand. He cer-
tainly has the kings of diamonds and
spades for six of his supposed 17
points, and partner's up-the-line
play indicates that he has three dia-
monds and declarer has five of
"girl's best friends." South also has
six tricks in the bag in the "pointed
suits" — three in spades and three
in diamonds.

But what about the rest of his
hand? He can have the ace and king
of hearts and the ace of clubs, or the
club ace-king and the heart ace. If
the former is the case, you've no
chance at all; declarer will simply
duck two rounds of clubs, win the
third and drive out the ace of dia-
monds to make his nine tricks.

The other possibility — and the

only one which will give you any
chance of success — is that
partner's four points are the king-
jack of hearts, and that he has four
cards with some "body" in that suit.
So you shift to a small heart.

There's another clue to the
proper defence. Let's go back to
trick one, where partner discarded
the seven of spades. What was he
trying to tell you by playing that un-
necessarily high card — that he had
four cards in the spade suit? That
seems unlikely, and since you've
already seen that a spade play is
hopeless, you must assume that he is
trying to tell you that his strength is
in hearts, the higher suit.

Now South's goose is cooked; no
matter what he does, he can make
no more than eight tricks. He's been
torpedoed by the Rule of 14 — of
which he's probably never heard. □

The full hand:
North
♠ A Q 2
♥ Q 7 6 4
♦ J 5
♣ 10 9 6 5
East
♠ J 10 9 6
♥ 10 5 3
♦ A Q 2
♣ Q J 7
South
♠ K 8 4
♥ A 2
♦ K 10 9 8 7
♣ A K 5

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Tower of David: an Ottoman symbol

Meir Ronnen

THE TOWER OF David, one of the most enduring symbols of the Land of Israel in modern times, has nothing to do with David, or Judaism, at all. It is, as a matter of fact, characterized by its Moslem minaret, perhaps the only one in the world fixed firmly inside a building instead of adjoining it. How this tower and minaret, part of Jerusalem's Citadel, became a Jewish symbol, is but one of the many facets of a fascinating exhibition tracing the history of the Citadel and now on view at the Jerusalem City Museum in the Citadel itself.

Arranged by Curator Renée Sivan, the show traces the tale of 2,000 years of unbroken habitation of the site, as revealed by excavations in the Citadel courtyard; it also traces the more recent record of the Citadel's function as a cultural centre and symbol or logo for so many local commercial and communal enterprises. The excavations are virtually completed, but the preparation of the site for visitors is still under way. But the museum can now be safely visited; and the finds are nothing less than fascinating.

The Citadel as we know it today is of a fairly recent nature: it was completed by Suleiman the Magnificent in the 16th century on the ruins of earlier constructions, part of the Ottoman restoration of the walls ringing the entire city. It stands at the junction of all the roads from the city's Jewish, Christian, Moslem and Armenian quarters that lead to Jaffa Gate, which it now abuts. Dominating as it does the high ground and facing the flat and vulnerable approaches to the city from the direction of the coast and Hebron to the south, it is easy to see why it has always played a key role in the defence of the city. The Crusaders, for instance, were unable to take it and offered its

defenders a safe conduct (while putting the rest of the luckless inhabitants, Jews and Moslems, to the sword).

The area was first fortified by Jewish Hasmonian kings of the 2nd century B.C.E.; among the finds in the inner courtyard are the spectacular remains of a massive rectangular tower from the period of John Hyrcanus; it is in the opposite corner to another recent find: a circular tower from the Omayyad (7th-8th century) period. The remains of one of the three original Herodian towers have also been uncovered. They formed the foundation of Herod's Phasael tower.

Following the destruction of the city by the Romans in 70 C.E. the tower became a Roman garrison. Later, from the 4th to the 6th century, it was occupied by various monastic orders. The Herodian tower was then incorporated into a Moslem defence structure after the conquest of 638 C.E. It was this citadel that held off the Crusaders, who later enlarged it, but it was to be destroyed in the 13th century by a descendant of Saladin. It remained in ruins till the Mamelukes gave it its present shape a century later. They also added the hexagonal hull, a fine example of Mameluke architecture. The Ottomans added the minaret and the eastern guards compound, as well as the western square, which held several cannons. Scores of Turkish and Albanian soldiers were on guard and strangers were forbidden to enter.

During the brief Egyptian rule (1831-1840) an Arab peasant revolt broke out (in 1834). The *fellahin* gained control of the city, but could not take the Citadel. The Egyptian garrison succeeded in holding out until help came from Jaffa.

About this time the Turkish army camp, the "Kishle" ("winter barracks" in Turkish) was built adjacent to the Citadel. (It is now an Israeli police station).

In 1840, when Jerusalem was again under Turkish rule, a delega-



The Yishuv's leading artists in a group photo for the poster of the exhibition "Migdal David — The Beginnings of Painting in Eretz-Israel", 1924. At right is a Zionist carpet from the Old Bezalel featuring Herzl and the Tower of David, set against a rather Japanese rising sun.

tion arrived from the British Admiralty and drew one of the first modern maps of the city, including a detailed plan of the "Citadel of David". Colonel Alderson, who prepared the plan, stressed the strategic importance of the Citadel.

Col. Charles Wilson, who surveyed and mapped Jerusalem in 1864-1865, also made a detailed plan of the Citadel, the adjacent Kishle and the general vicinity. Conder described the site in 1872, and in 1877 a young Royal Engineer named Kitchener (later Field Marshal Lord Kitchener) sketched it. They describe the place as full of debris, most of which was not cleared away until 1877.

Water was brought by aqueduct from the Mamilla Pool to the cisterns in the Citadel. Throughout the 19th century, with the city spreading outside the walls, the importance of the army camp at the Tower of David and the Kishle steadily increased: the strongest Turkish garrison in the city was stationed there until the Turks evacuated the city in 1917.

It was from the steps of the

Citadel that General Allenby read his proclamation when he entered the city in 1917; and it was during the Mandate that the idea of turning the fortress into a museum-cum-cultural centre was born. The burgeoning Artists Association held its famous "Tower of David" exhibitions there; participating were the elite of this country's art pioneers. The Citadel became a Municipal Museum; host to a display of local ethnology and furm implements. It reverted to its role as fortress with the Jordanian conquest of the Old City in 1948 and was occupied by the Arab Legion until 1967.

The first archaeological excavations in the Citadel took place in 1934-1944, under the direction of C.N. Johns, on behalf of the Mandatory Dept. of Antiquities. These excavations revealed the north-west corner of "The First Wall" which protected the city during the Second Temple.

In 1968-69 Prof. Ruth Amiran and Mr. A. Elian conducted excavations east of the wall uncovered

by Johns, on behalf of the Israel Museum and the Hebrew University, with the support of the Jerusalem Municipality. Uncovered were remains of houses of the Hasmonian period, and remains of royal structures built by Herod.

Since 1976, a survey of the walls and towers of the Citadel as well as archaeological excavations have been carried out as part of a general restoration project. The excavations were headed respectively by H. Geva, R. Sivan and G. Solar on behalf of the Jerusalem City Museum, the Israel Exploration Society and the Department of Antiquities, with the financial support of the Jerusalem Foundation. The Foundation also found the money for the handsome Hebrew-English illustrated catalogue now available at the Museum.

Finds on show range from huge Hasmonian catapult stones to freehand Arab ceramics, Crusader jugs and Turkish army buttons. Amusingly enough, most of the Turkish period finds are tobacco pipes and coffee cups. □

impasto painting and drawing. Schloss's weakness is pronounced in her choice of banal images: barbed wire leads the way, followed religiously by postulating women, angry crowds, destroyed buildings, billowing clouds of smoke and the perennial soldier, only this time he seems rather dusty in a 1942 Home Guard helmet. As a colourist, Schloss also maintains a symbolic state, one that differs little from her objectively-oriented, graphic images: Red, black, grey and earth tones predictably thread their way through the exhibit.

And so Schloss's moral stance, or her attempt to clarify a muddled spirit, is thematically acceptable, but as art, the pictures fall on "blind" eyes for they are neither politically convincing nor charged with enough emotional power to even paraphrase the reality of our lives. (Amalia Arbel Gallery, Arlosoroff corner Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv).

Ruth Schloss: "Demonstration", mixed media (Amalia Arbel Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Yossi Stern's Jerusalem

Meir Ronnen

YOSSI STERN may not be Israel's leading artist, but he is certainly one of its best known. He is not only the teacher of several generations of illustrators, but one of the country's most prolific illustrators and cartoonists. For four decades he has not only devoted himself to the subject of Jerusalem and its incredibly mixed population, but is himself a vintage Jerusalem character. He seems as much a part of the city as any of its walls and crannies. To fill the Jerusalem Artists House with his work on the occasion of his 60th birthday is not only a gesture of recognition, but a mark of universal affection.

Stern was born in Hungary and began to draw in Budapest as a youngster. At 16, he saw that it was time to get out; he came to Palestine in 1939 as an "illegal," after being frozen into the Danube on a Turkish coaler; the British interned him at Atlit. From there he was rescued by Youth Aliya; and it was an interview with Henrietta Szold that got him into the Bezalel School, in 1943. In 1946 the School gave him its Herman Struck Prize as its best student. The following year he had his first show at the now defunct Yunes Gallery.

Stern was one of the golden generation of the War of Independence. He was an army artist for both the Hagana and the nascent IDF. During the siege of Jerusalem he helped produce the local army newspaper; later, he became the staff artist of *Banahane*.

His collection of drawings of the War of Independence, "Fully Enlisted," appeared in 1948. It helped set the tone for illustration and cartooning at the time. The Yishuv was more than delighted that it had held its own against six Arab armies. The unassuming, very young, but slightly cocky sabra in the stocking cap and with a *keffiyeh* around his neck, was the hero of the hour. It was not surprising that all the Israeli illustrators of the period saw these young boys and girls in a rather idealized light. They weren't rendered as individuals. They were drawn as a type.

Thirty-five years later, Stern is still drawing types, all rather idealized. His view of Jerusalem is an entirely uncritical one, where soldiers and priests rub shoulders with Arab children and American tourists, against a background of beautiful walls and stately cupolas. His sunlit Jerusalem is what the tourist sees and what we would all happily settle for; and what the tourist wants to take home with him when he buys a Yossi Stern.

But Stern does not draw for tourists. He serves the same recipe to Israelis, in his work for *Yediot Aharonot* and other Israeli papers; and in his latest series of quite delightful posters of Jerusalem. Jerusalem may be bigger and more crowded than it was in the early years of the State and details of dress have changed, but Stern is still in pursuit of the youth and beauty and even innocence of those early years; and perhaps of his own early years too. But his handsome young sabras of today have a slightly less innocent look to them; and an explicit drawing of naked young men on motorcycles injects a note that



Yossi Stern: "Jerusalem Courtyard," ink and watercolour. Below, ink and wash studies of a "sabra" and a group of Jerusalem clergymen. (Jerusalem Artists House).



Jars on the old Palmach image.

The illustrations on show here range from drawings for albums to illustrations for an edition of Shakespeare. The approach is unwaveringly realist, even where stylized. But Stern can rise above his own mannerisms: see the charming wash drawing of an elderly couple ("Rohavia"). Stern has achieved less success as a painter. His subjects, often

biblical, are linear and hieratic, little more than coloured drawings. A few landscapes are a departure. The monochrome ones in a light brown sauce edge towards the trite; but there are a few impressive imaginative ones painted by him in a freehand semi-abstract expressionist style, made while at the Royal College in London.

There is one painting, however, that is a complete surprise: "Terraces" (circa 1965) that shows the Jerusalem hills as a pattern of strokes, rendered in marvellously harmonious Fauvist colour. It is a chess to all the chalk on view; and it lends credence to the idea that somewhere inside Yossi Stern the virtuoso illustrator, a real painter is waiting to break out.

Stern's other paintings have come to life in another way altogether: in a series of quite splendid tapestries by a group of immigrants at Avner Keshet's Goren Art Centre. These carpets, with their carefully selected range of rich but gentle colours, have softened both the line and hue of the originals and brought out the inner dignity of the designs. They are on show in the mezzanine gallery and should not be missed.

As this exhibition is also an authentic Jerusalem happening, it does not seem out of place that several walls are covered with "historic" snapshots of the artist and his very special friends, from Yael Dayan (as an 18-year-old recruit) to Leonard Bernstein. One snap shows Stern leading a group of Bezalel students dancing in Zion Square on Independence Day, 1948. Among them is Avigdor Arikha, shortly to get four bullets in the chest during the battle for the Jerusalem Corridor. By then, the young Stern was already a teacher, but he himself looks like the model for all his young sabras of the period. This is the way we all remember him. While it may seem believable, and indeed inevitable, that we are all on the way to 60; it doesn't seem possible, in Yossi Stern's case. There must be some mistake somewhere. □

When art merely imitates life

Gli Goldfine

THERE IS no such thing as "out of bounds" in Israeli society, for life is played on and off the field every day and is laced with tension and apprehension, much of it lurking deep down in the shadows of our collective psyche. Israelis cannot escape personal involvement in their State's struggle. At one time or another every citizen is "touched" by the anguish wrought by terrorism and war. It is impossible to sit on the sidelines of what forms the reality of everyday life.

Ruth Schloss, like so many other artists, has politicized her art. Several years ago she created a series of pictures dedicated to the youth of King Frank. She now

shows another group entitled "Borders."

Schloss uses a repetitive set of standard images to hammer home a message that she hopes will stimulate psychological, moral or elvish reaction from the viewer. Her technique is a potpourri of influences: linear strains of Ben Shimon are mixed with brush bits of Rembrandt; Yossi Bergner and Ruschenberg. In some respects her art is akin to American Pop of the 60s: only place, time and social predicament have changed. The means of production, however, overlap and seem to mirror one another.

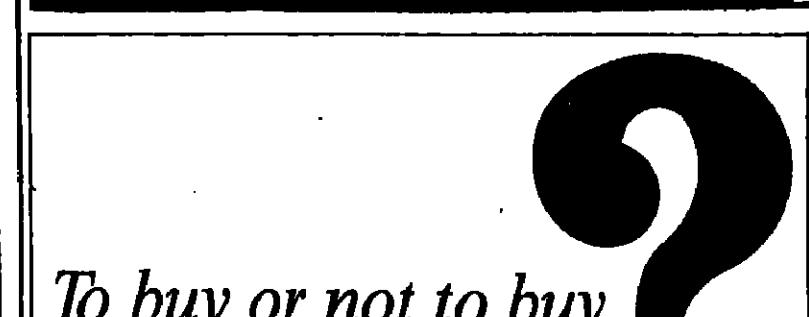
Schloss's strength lies in her ability to organize space, to thrust and hurry with a variety of techniques, including photographing on canvas, photo-emulsion transfers,



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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Opening Exhibition (1983): Tip of the iceberg, Aug. 2. New Acquisitions of Israeli Art. Exhibitions: Mario Merz, Italian artist. From "Pomp" to Home Computer.

George Segal, sculptures, China and the Islamic World: The Photographs of Manuel Alvarez Bravo; Oil Lamp section; Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archeology; Primitive Art from the Museum's collection (Museum Pavilion). Looking at Pictures (Ruth Youth Wing); Permanent exhibition in Pre-history Hall. Contemporary Israeli Art.

Special Exhibits: New 5th cent. mosaic from a Byzantine church; Tenth Triads (Rimonim), produced in Sina by Yehoshua Jewish goldsmiths at beginning of the century. At the Rockefeller Museum; Kadesh-Barnes, Judean

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Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David — The Citadel Open daily 8.30 a.m.-7.00 p.m. Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun.-Thur. 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00, 7.00 p.m. Fri. 9.00, 11.00 a.m., 1.00 p.m. Daily (see, Fri.) French: 5.00 p.m. German: 6.00 p.m. Permanent Exhibits:

Ethnographic Dolls "Jerusalem Characters," Yemin Moshe Windmill Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.

The Touristman Post, Permanent Exhibits on Jerusalem Divided and Reunited in restored former military outpost, Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-3 p.m. (1 Hull Handover St.)

Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II. 6, Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Shlomo and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helchal Shlomo: Permanent Exhibition of Jewish People. Diorama Room; History of Jewish People. Special Shavuot Exhibit. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635312.

Ells Gallery, 1 Turf St., Yemin Moshe. "Landscapes" by Hanna Shvily. Sun.-Thur., 5-8 p.m. (till 31.8.1).

Tel Aviv
MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum. Continuing Exhibitions: Picasso, A.R. Penck. Expedition to the Holy Land. Israeli Art. Museum Collection. Visiting Hours: Sat. 10-2; 7-10; Sun.-Thur. 10-10. Fri. closed. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: Sat. 10-2 Sun.-Thur. 9-1; 5-9, Fri. closed.

Habima

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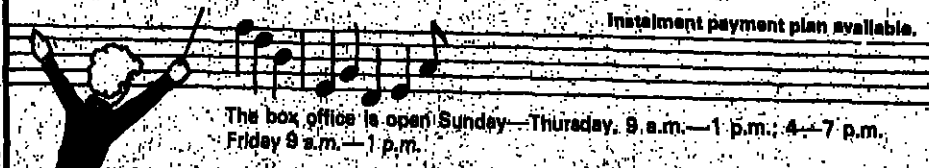
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HE WANTS the Israelis, the Syrians and the PLO to go home. At the same time, Dr. A. would like the Americans and French and even the Italians in their droll stocking-caps to be reinforced and stay on until a Lebanese strongman capable of controlling the Lebanese is solidly in the saddle, and a Lebanese army worthy of the name has been created.

Can Amin Jemayel be that strongman? Dr. A. has many doubts. He's another politician, Sheikh Bashir's brother is, and Dr. A. has learned not to put his trust in politicians or politics. Dr. A. allowed himself to trust and to place more hope in Amin's late brother, for Bashir towards the end seemed less a politician than a patriot, and thus a more plausible candidate for strongman.

When Bashir was done away with almost a year ago, Dr. A. felt a pang of woe for Lebanon. This went to show how much Dr. A. had changed. Sheikh Bashir, after all, was the commander-in-chief of the Maronite Katayeb, and the Katayeb, Dr. A. will always believe, were guilty of pushing things over the brink in 1975, of forcing the religious issue, of shoving other Christians off the fence and into the bloodbath. Then, when the civil war which they had started went badly for them, the Maronites called in the Syrians. So Dr. A. had no love for Sheikh Bashir.

Yet when all is said and done, it's only the Maronites as a group who have always cherished the idea of Lebanon, it was the cruelest and most ferocious among them who saw immediately how dangerous the PLO was, and it was Bashir who said, "Once we tried being cowards in the hope that others would leave us alone... Now we know that the stronger we are, the more respected we will be."

Bashir's "we" could be taken to refer to the Maronites, the Christians, or to all the Lebanese alike. His way of putting things grew to appeal, amazingly enough, to Dr. A. His hands dripping with the blood of Palestinians and Lebanese, of Christians as well as Moslems, Sheikh Bashir appealed to Dr. A. because he looked and sounded — especially after the Israelis nudged the PLO and the Syrians out of Beirut — like the only possible bet to become a patriotic Lebanese strongman.

A CRAVING for a strong Lebanese ruler, patriotic and iron-fisted, is all that Dr. A.'s politics now consist of. It's a great change for him. He would have been dubious 10 or 15 years ago, had a gypsy predicted to him that his politics would be reduced to this.

Dr. A. once thought that redemption could be hastened by means of politics. He went as a young man, an undergraduate at the American University of Beirut, through a revolutionary spell. He bought the writings of Michael Aflaq and joined a local chapter of the Ba'ath party. The ideas of the Syrian Greek Orthodox Pan-Arab nationalist and socialist schoolteacher Aflaq, founder of the Ba'ath, made sense to him.

Without quite ditching his Christian upbringing and Americanizing education, Dr. A. as a young man was convinced that the borders gouged on the body of the Arab nation by European colonialists had to be erased by the Pan-Arab "treatment." And he thought that there had to be a socialist revolution from Damascus to Moscow, so as to give Arab society of such ilk as the shanty towns and refugee camps with

which the periphery of Beirut was already encrusted when he was a student. Arab socialism and revolution would also take care of the Zionist entity.

A visit to Ba'athist Damascus in 1963, during which he stayed with relatives, did much to disabuse Dr. A. However, by way of reaction, he became, not a reactionary, but a reformist in politics. He started as a practising doctor and somewhat older man to see good reasons for Lebanon remaining itself and not being swallowed by Syria, but he continued to believe that wealth and power should be more equitably spread than they were in Lebanon; and reformist, liberal, democratic politics now seemed to him a way to bring this about.

The fact that there was no political party which seriously wanted or strove for this, no party in Lebanon which was more than a coalition of Maronite or Druse or Sunni chieftains or the dummy of some other Arab regime, prevented Dr. A. from voting at election-time, but didn't keep him, until the Civil War got under way, from believing that the correct political prescription could help to realize Christian, socialist, Lebanese and American ideals in his country.

HELL-NOW admit that he was no less confused as a reformist than as a revolutionist. In both phases he was naive. For this naivete he'll confess that he has no excuse — none except that he could never have imagined where things were leading in this Lebanon of his. It was, perhaps, unpardonable. For wasn't he a Lebanese born and bred? Hadn't he experienced election campaigns in the old days and since childhood? Didn't he know about the deals and pay-offs? Weren't there constantly accidents with hunting rifles? And weren't there shots in the night? He had no excuse. A thousand times he has told himself, fighting despair, that he should've known better.

No longer young, no longer naive, he struggles to hold on to what he knows is generous and hopeful in his upbringing, his education, his character. Nevertheless, he has long since come to the point where, if it was up to him, he would choose the faintest possibility of order over the most eloquent pledge of justice.

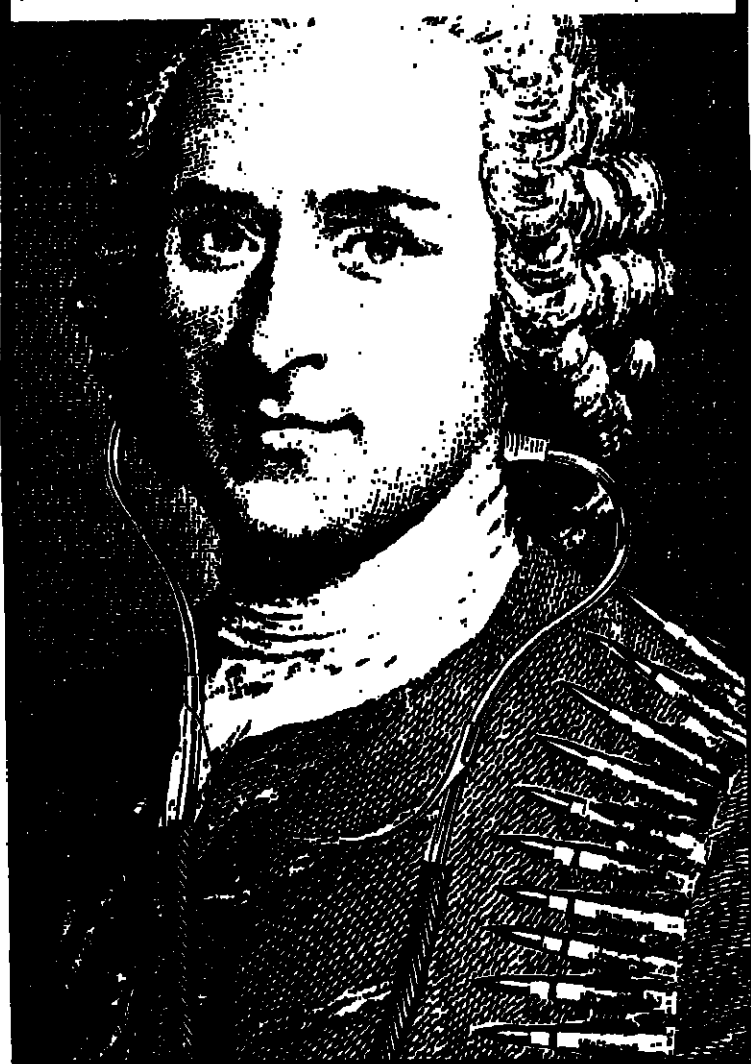
He isn't ashamed of this, because for him, disorder has become equivalent to suffering, and the Lebanese, Dr. A. thinks, have suffered more than they deserve for their sins. Lebanon is a small country — why must it suffer so greatly and for so many years? Why, he used to wonder out loud; must it be crucified?

His friend and colleague, Dr. B., insists from time to time when the old anger revives that the Lebanese brought it upon themselves, that they have only themselves to blame. Dr. B., the Sunni Moslem, believes or says he believes, that all the Lebanese had their fate coming to them. Dr. A., the Greek Orthodox Christian, believes not. The two have discussed the matter to exhaustion.

They've talked about the politicians. Don't, Dr. B. admonishes, blame the politicians. They are, of course, venal, scheming, selfish, cowardly. But blaming them is too easy. It's like simply blaming the Palestinians or the Jews or the CIA or some hidden hand. No, says Dr. B., we're to blame, we Lebanese. Because we were free men once, remember? And he begs Dr. A. not to call it insanity. He says that ordinary Lebanese chose consciously,

Gibran, Rousseau and Dr. A

A. E. NORDEN describes a Lebanese physician's drift into disillusionment.



quite rationally, to start the destruction. We did it with our eyes open, and we did it because we're human and human nature is evil.

Of course, once we started, the rest of the world joined in. Everyone came to Beirut to do his dirt. It's all been quite a sane and human orgy of dirt, not a war. Please don't call it a war. Call it if you want the sad events of recent years. Wars no fought for goals you can define, wars have fronts and non-combatants, there are rules. This is worse than war. It's an orgy of dirt. Now the Jews too have brought their army here to do their dirt properly. But don't blame them.

WHEN Dr. B. speaks like this, Dr. A. hears him out without comment, only thinking to himself how much his friend and his friend's politics have also changed. Dr. B.'s politics used to be typically Beirut Sunni — he valued the PLO for its Islamic flavour and because the PLO lined the pockets of his relatives in business.

Now was Dr. B. unhappy with the Palestinian presence, as most of the Palestinians, while debarred for the most part from taking Lebanese citizenship, were Sunnis themselves and simply by being here jeopardized the hegemony of those Arab-haters, the Maronites.

It's hard to credit now, but it's true, that when the Holiday Inn, owned by Maronites, was burned by the PLO and Mourabitun in 1975, Dr. B. professed himself delighted.

That was a long time ago. Dr. A. and Dr. B. have known each other for a long time. Undergraduates at AUB in the '50s, the young Christian Ba'athist and the young Moslem Musselite would let their political debates together lead them from coffee house to coffee house and finally to one of the houses off Phoenix Street where the ex-Air France and Lufthansa stewardesses cost more than the Shi'ite girls from the south, but were worth it.

These houses haven't survived the events — neither has Pierre Jemayel's pharmacy on the Place des Martyrs; where the two friends bought prophylactics. Now there are, in West Beirut, only the Thai bangles. Dr. A. and Dr. B. no longer go out at night. Dr. A.'s old friend doesn't harbour that sort of zest anymore, having suffered more than Dr. A. has. Dr. B. is wounded in his heart. The killing by a sniper of his only son while the boy was out buying bread during a West Beirut cease-fire in 1978 — there were by then no more armed Maronites in the area — is never mentioned. But the knowledge of it restrains Dr. A., and he refrains from suggesting that what his colleague says about the Lebanese and human nature is true.

the killer and the victim are equally guilty and equally innocent — a false idea.

For the sake of not hurting his friend, Dr. A. checks himself. He doesn't say all that he might. It's as if he was an Arab, a Lebanese of the traditional type, telling his interlocutor of a different clan or sect what he thinks he wants to hear, or at least taking care not to contradict him, and reserving his real thoughts for himself and his household.

DR. A. kindly listens more than he speaks during these discussions on the war, which have grown rare of recent years. He has mercy on the purple pouches beneath his old friend's eyes. His personal disaster subdued Dr. B. He makes fewer speeches against Lebanon and the Lebanese. No longer is he apt to shout, "Assassinate the gunmen!" as he used to after the war got out of hand and before his son was shot. No longer will he curse the various fighters as he dresses their injuries — goons, he used to call them to their faces with risky courage. Now he rarely blows up, rarely talks politics or psychology. He, too, has acquired a fatalistic style.

Those who have stayed and survived have had little choice but to become fatalistic. Dr. A. is aware that he has gone in that direction too. He is much less frightened on the street and at night than he used to be, although the danger is still there. It's there, and it doesn't matter that so far he and his family have been exceptionally lucky, never having been wounded, robbed or kidnapped.

Life is still precious to Dr. A. The idea of dying, of being zapped, has become less terrifying, however. This is a paradox, he realizes, for death in Lebanon tends to be violent, unpredictable and absurd, and the prospect of a meaningless death should be horrible.

Nevertheless, like most of his colleagues who have remained in Beirut, Dr. A. doesn't brood on death. He is more liable to think of it consciously whenever he goes on a short visit abroad. Lying sleepless on a hotel bed without the lullaby sound of distant shelling, he'll wonder how the people of the foreign city he's in can take safety and a natural death for granted.

Yet while his fear of dying has been moderated, Dr. A. hasn't gone as far as some others around him in losing sympathy. Despite everything he's witnessed, it still dawns him — without, he hopes, hampering him as a physician — to see a wounded civilian. He continues to be bothered more by wounded civilians than wounded fighters, although his ideas about non-combatants and combatants, and about innocence and guilt, have become more complicated.

Many times he has had to hold on for dear life to the very concept of innocence, seeing as he has what civilians — men and women and so-called innocent children — can glory in during a war. What did the Maronite prophet Gibran Khalil Gibran write? "The murdered is not unaccountable. For his own murder/And the robbed is not blameless in being robbed."

Yet what about the infant in the crib when the rocket comes through the window? What about the man walking by when the car bomb goes off? What about Dr. B.'s boy? They may not be entirely innocent, but they're all a great deal more innocent than guilty.

If he's learned that there's no such thing as perfect innocence, and that total non-complicity is impossible, still Dr. A. persists in

believing that the sniper or gunman or bomber is more guilty than his unarmed victim. To come to believe otherwise is to be separated from your soul and your sanity.

NOR CAN he make jokes about injuries or death, or laugh at them when they are made by others. He has never caught himself laughing at the sight of a corpse in the street. For this Dr. A. is grateful, since the most precious thing which the war could deprive him of would be not his life but his humanity.

He laughs nowadays only when smoking hash. He smokes rarely, and always alone. He laughs on these infrequent occasions at nothing, nothing at all — at a pencil lying on the desk before him.

Humanity and mankind have yet to become dirty or empty or ludicrous words for Dr. A. In his effort to keep them from becoming that, he often repeats to himself a saying which he came across as an undergraduate, in a book by Jean-Jacques Rousseau — "I know my own heart, therefore I know mankind."

There is, Dr. A. thinks or hopes, much truth in this idea. On it he bases his faith and whatever is left of his optimism. He knows that in his own heart there is a spark of mercy which eight years of chaos and cruelty haven't put out. If that's so, then it stands to reason that there's a similar spark in the hearts of other people, even other Lebanese.

The problem is that mercy is weak in competition with fear and the urge to have revenge. When people are frightened and vengeful, they're capable of forgetting mercy. They can then permit the most frightful killing to be done in their name with a clear conscience — if indeed they don't do the killing with relish themselves.

Whatever the killing in Lebanon started for, perhaps the reason that it has gone on for as long as it has is because too many people, especially too many males, madly enjoy it. Even in the actual cease-fires, mercy, as Dr. A. has had the chance to learn, is harder to organize than killing.

So the illusion spreads that to be human is to be born and to die evil. This notion Dr. A. won't accept. He rejects it, though he was instructed by the priests as a child that man is conceived in sin, and though there have been moments when the spark in his heart cooled and he shivered from a gust of hatred.

The hatred, under examination, was for the various politicians and gangsters torturing his country. Dr. A. is sure that these politicians have intentionally fanned the fears which made fanatics and killers out of many people who once managed to keep their urges under wraps and to live more or less in peace with their countrymen of other religions. The politicians maddened the people.

Sure of this, Dr. A., who has never in his life held a firearm, has more than once dreamed of gunning down someone mercilessly — it isn't clear in the dream who it is, except that the man is a politician and an enemy of humanity — and by doing this solving Lebanon's problems. Just before pulling the trigger, Dr. A. always wakes up with a shout, his heart hammering and his bedclothes sticky with sweat. A most instructive dream this is, recurring and directing his attention to another corner of his heart. Before 1975, he never had such dreams.

But did his peaceable countrymen?

This is the second of two articles.

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

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PICASSO: SUITE VOLLARD
A series of one hundred prints (1930-1937) by Picasso which deal with several themes: The Circus, The Bull Fight, The Female Nude, The Minotaur and others. From the collection of the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, gift of Mr. Isidore M. Cohen, New York.

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THEATRE
MASTER HAROLD AND THE BOYS (New York), written and directed by Athol Fugard (South Africa). With James Earl Jones. Tuesday, 30.8; Wednesday, 31.8; Thursday, 1.9, at 8.30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENT
A MAGICIAN AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM, An experimental show of magic with Caligostro the Fantastic Magician, Venus of Hadara and Raz O.S. Music: Robert Fripp.

Mother Gong, Sex Pistols, Frank Zappa and others For adults only. Wednesday, 31.8, at 9.00 p.m.

CINEMA
SPECIAL SCREENING
FATEFUL LOVE, (Turkey, 1971. Turkish with Hebrew subtitles). A film by Yilmaz Guney (Yol). The love between a criminal and the daughter of a wealthy bourgeois. A social criticism. Monday, 5.8, at 8.00 p.m.

FILM FOR CHILDREN
THE HUMPAKED HORSE, (Russia, 1965, 85 min., in colour, with Hebrew and English subtitles). The classic Russian animation film. Sunday, 28.8 through Wednesday, 31.8, at 11.00 a.m.

Regularly
YOL (The Way) (Turkey, 1982, 111 min., in colour, Hebrew and English subtitles). Awarded the 'Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize, Cannes, 1982. Daily at 4.30, 7.15.

Visiting hours: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m., 7-10 p.m. Box Office: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Saturday 7-10 p.m.; Helena Rubinstein Art Library: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-8 p.m.; Circulating Exhibits (loan): Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Tuesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.; Graphics Study Room: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Sales desk: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Saturday 7-10 p.m. Information desk and Box Office Tel: 281287.

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הכרזה מן האל

THERE CAN be few places in the world which have been researched as intensively as Israel during the last two decades. Unfortunately, the majority of publications are in Hebrew only or are tucked away in learned journals. Thus, this vast amount of new knowledge on Israel's history, folklore and natural conditions is almost totally inaccessible to anyone except the Hebrew reader or specialist in a given field. Dr. Danin's excellent comprehensive survey is therefore a welcome departure.

A volume on the desert and its vegetation is doubly welcome in view of the tremendous efforts made today by Israel in the Negev and by Egypt in Sinai to push forward the frontiers of cultivation. For the boundary between desert and cultivated land has never been a static line. In times of weak central government the desert crept forward, only to be pushed back again under strong rulers such as the Hasmoneans or the Byzantines, who could protect farmers against nomad encroachment. Even during the last few decades we have witnessed this phenomenon. In 1948 the Negev started a little south of Rehovot. Today, thanks mainly to the National Water Carrier, we think of the Negev as starting some 40-50 km. further south, near Beersheba.

The Judean Desert and the Negev are being increasingly exploited for agriculture, mining, industry and tourism; moreover, large parts are being turned into a vast army training ground. These developments bear the threat of untold damage to the desert and its scant and fragile flora and fauna. Much of the damage can be avoided by proper planning, which in turn requires a thorough knowledge of existing conditions. The book can therefore make a major contribution to the ecological rescue of this part of Israel. It is hoped that the Egyptians will find it equally useful in their development of Sinai.

DR. DANIN has the rare ability to

Living wilderness



DESERT VEGETATION OF ISRAEL AND SINAI by Avinoam Danin. Jerusalem, Cana Publishing House. 148 pp. 170 figures and 16 colour plates. Price not stated.

Michael Noam

present scientific matter in simple language, easily understood by the reader with only a basic high-school knowledge of the natural sciences. The parts of the book dealing with the Judean Desert and the Negev are based on his own Ph.D. thesis. The information on Sinai is based on a 15-year research project of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. It was directed by Prof. G. Oshan and besides Dr. Danin, it included the late Prof. N.H. Tadmor, the late Dr. G. Halevy and Dr. A. Shimida.

The book's five chapters deal with environmental conditions, desert adaptations of plants, flora and vegetation, characterization of selected species, and information

on useful plants. The bibliography contains 150 references, there is a glossary of technical terms, a subject index and indices of plant names and place names. The ample use of maps, diagrams and illustrations is of considerable help to the reader, though some of the photographs, unlike the diagrams, lack clarity.

The opening chapter describes how the conditions of climate, soil and rock interact to form the desert. The most important factor is of course the scarcity of water. Annual average rainfall ranges from 250 mm. at the northern boundary of the Negev to a mere 10-20 mm. in South Sinai. But the average rainfall does not in itself determine the amount and make-up of the vegetation cover. This depends also on rainfall distribution, the presence of dew and other sources of moisture, as well as temperature, topography and the type, texture and salinity of the soil and rock. All these influence the water regime and hence the plant associations of any one area. Thus, to give but one example,

sandy soil which allows the water to penetrate will normally support a richer vegetation cover than chalk outcrops from which the water simply runs off or evaporates.

Man's influence through the creation of new habitats and the introduction of new species is discussed, as is the effect of other biological factors. This chapter contains two basic maps. The first shows the coverage of the 11 main parent materials of soil, such as sand, salt marshes, magmatic rocks etc. In the other map the desert has been divided into 19 geomorphological districts, and a summary description of each district is provided.

Chapter 3 opens with an analysis of the 19 districts' vegetation in terms of plants species' membership of the area's four plant-geographical regions. These are the Mediterranean region with a relatively rich vegetation; the semi-desert Irano-Turanian; the Saharo-Arabian with its extreme vegetative poverty; and the Sudanian, which is essentially a savanna-like landscape and is found mainly in the Great Rift Valley from Ras Muhammad to the Jordan Valley.

The next section discusses plant associations, and is followed by the detailed presentation of the vegetation of each one of the 19 districts. This includes information on the district's size, climate, number of species and pattern of vegetation cover. This is followed by a detailed description of the plant associations, growth conditions and relevant information on the district's different habitats.

CHAPTER 4 describes and discusses in considerable detail 47 of the 1,300 plant species reported from the Negev and Sinai. Of these, incidentally, *Ferula danini* was named by Prof. M. Zohary after the author who discovered it. The plants chosen for description are the important dominants and plants with interesting distribution patterns. This chapter, together with the previous one, provides even the

amateur botanist with a practical guide to an in-depth study of the various desert regions.

For many readers the most fascinating part of the book will be the chapter on the manifold and extraordinary adaptations of desert plants to aridity, extreme temperatures, salinity and high radiation. The stunning and folding of leaves to reduce transpiration are well known, as is the dying off of above-ground parts in the dry season. But far more involved adaptations are described. Succulent plants, for instance, can withstand temperatures of 58-65°C due to the presence of organic acids which neutralize poisons formed by the disintegration of many proteins at that temperature. The high water content of succulents may serve to dilute the acids and prevent them from damaging the plants. Another curious adaptation is the production of seeds which have differing dormancy periods. If the first set encounters fatal conditions after germination, another set is available to develop in the next season.

Most intriguing are some of the adaptations of salt-resistant plants. Tamarisks, for instance, absorb saline water and excrete the excess salt on their green stems and small leaves. The salt falling from the tree accumulates on the soil and effectively prevents the establishment of competitors.

THE LAST chapter on useful plants contains a great deal of practical information which might well be used in a survival course. Most important is the detailed table of plant indicators of potable water. We also learn how to distill water from plants and how to ignite a fire without matches. Lastly, there is a section on edible, poisonous and medicinal plants and Beduin industries using local plants.

The book is an absolute must for anyone concerned with the desert, be he educator, soldier, ecologist, botanist or simply lover of the canyons, wadis and wide-open spaces.

preparing to be a light to the nations, and that the Zion of their activities was the Zion to which the world would turn." His comment of three decades ago remains memorably apt: "A child must walk before it can run; the problems which Israel needs to solve she needs to solve for her own sake; and the right solution will be that which meets her own needs..."

"I MAKE no apology for introducing God into the argument," Parkes says in the opening paragraphs of "Israel and the Nations," the second part of his book, "for I find no explanation of Israel or of Jerusalem apart from Him." Colin Chapman in *Whose Promised Land?* never tires of introducing God and Scripture into his argument. Less historically inclined than Parkes, and far less of an historian, he tends to present Israel's case as resting squarely on God's promise that He would give the land to Abraham and his descendants as an everlasting possession.

To be sure, Chapman purports also to survey the historical record, and to examine the conflicting claims advanced by Jew and Arab in answer to the question of his title. Essentially, however, his book is an essay in Christian theology: What do the Bible prophecies mean? How were the prophecies and promises made to ancient Israel understood by Jesus and the first Christian community? How should they be under-

stood today? Is there a way forward?

There are, in fact, more questions in this book than answers. In an Epilogue, "Whose Promised Land? One Possible Answer," one really looks in vain for that promised answer. Ultimately, it seems to reside in a single word: "repentance" — repentance for the Jews in Israel and Jews elsewhere, repentance for the Great Powers, and repentance for the Arabs. The author himself, however, sees the limitations of his possible "answer." "But isn't this asking rather a lot from human nature?" he asks. His answer: "Of course it is! But asking anything less may put us in the position of the false prophets who 'dress the wound of my people as though it were not serious. Peace, peace, they say, when there is no peace.' [Jeremiah 8:11]."

However, while this seems to be most that one can expect from Colin Chapman by way of an answer, *Whose Promised Land?* contains much useful information, and not a few interesting quotations. I was especially intrigued, for instance, by the author's own version of the Arabs' answer to the claim that God had promised the land to Abraham and his descendants: "The Arabs argue that this promise gives them just as strong a claim on the land as the Jews, since Abraham had two sons: Isaac, who was the father of Jacob (i.e., Israel), and Ishmael, the ancestor of the Arabs."

Contrasting views

END OF AN EXILE: Israel, the Jews and the Gentile World by James Parkes. Marblehead, Mass. Mosaic Publications. 271 pp. \$8.

WHOSE PROMISED LAND? by Colin Chapman. London: Lion Paperbacks. 253 pp. £1.95.

Nissim Rejwan

sociation between the Jewish people and Palestine no fair judgement could be made, Parkes set out to trace the historical-religious roots of Israel. In his view, the tree of Israel springs from five roots deeply embedded in the experience of the Jewish people. Judaism as the religion of a community constituted the first of these roots. "Even though many of those who created the modern Zionist movement," he explains, "were in reaction against the orthodoxy of their day, they inherited to the full the deep feeling for the whole people which the orthodoxy had implanted in them. They might speak of Jewish culture instead of Jewish religion; in modern jargon they may speak of 'folk-ways', but the essential idea remains unchanged."

The other roots, in the order in which they are given by the author, are: the Messianic hope, intimacy

connected over since the destruction of the Jewish State with the expectation of a return to the Promised Land; Jewish history and the long experience of dispersion and insecurity; the continuity of Jewish life in Palestine; and the unique relationship between the Jewry of Palestine and the whole Jewish people.

But while stating the Jewish case with such eloquence, Parkes did not ignore the Arabs' position. In a chapter entitled, "The National Home and the Arabs," he disarms any talk about "a land without a people for the people without a land" as irrelevant. There is, he asserts, an Arab point of view "which one day Israel will accept." Towards this point of view Israel "will mould what is relevant in her policies; and out of it she will gather a strength and dignity which will likewise mould the face which she turns towards the outside world beyond the Arab horizon."

Nor was Parkes sparing in his reservations about certain Israeli policies and utterances. "Foolish and dangerous things have been said under the emotional banner of the 'mission of Israel,'" he wrote. "And none of the utterances of Israeli statesmen have seemed to suggest that already they were

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MOST FOLKS of course will view it as a matter of monumental interest, but to poetry-lovers the publication of a new, original collection of contemporary British verse under the Penguin imprint is of vital importance. The last such anthology, A. Alvarez's *The New Poetry*, came out in 1962 (my God, can it be?). So an update was certainly due.

Young pups Blake Morrison (b. 1950) and Andrew Motion (b. 1954) note in their introduction that every generation brings out a collection of "the new poetry," so they specifically refer to the Alvarez book as a taking-off point. In that collection, Alvarez had applauded the American "confessionals" (Lowell, Berryman, Plath, Sexton) and called for the British to engage in similar risk-taking, full-blooded responses to what Alvarez was certain was the disintegration of society.

The course of British poetry since 1962, argue Morrison and Motion, has not followed the American model promoted by Alvarez. Indeed, even the ruddy-randy example of Ted Hughes, they say, "is no longer the presiding spirit of British poetry."

What, of all things, has developed, say the editors, is a generation of poets that strikes the attitude of "the anthropologist or alien invader or remembering exile," producing poetry that is "often open-ended, reluctant to point the moral of, or conclude too neatly, what it chooses to transcribe." It is also a poetry that, while reasserting the primacy of the imagination, is rooted in specified time and place and — again, of all things — is often narrative in structure.

Such a development was as unexpected as, say, the roughly coincidental shift from abstract expressionism back to representational painting, with its disturbing and yet disturbingly familiar results. But unless the editors have chosen their 20 poets conspiratorially, their examples bear out their thesis very well.

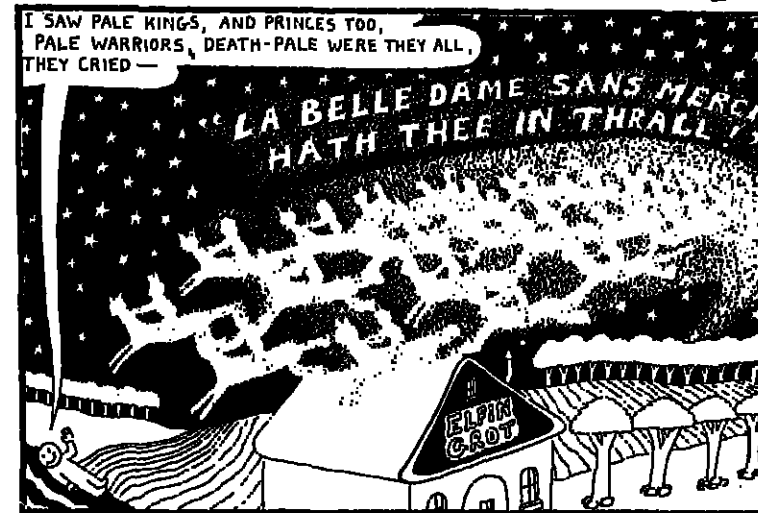
IF THERE IS a presiding spirit among today's British poets under the age of 40 it is Seamus Heaney (who himself is 43). Appropriately enough, the new anthology opens with no fewer than 20 of his poems. Alvarez has decried Heaney, but he is about the only one who has. True, Heaney writes an ode about churning butter, and that hardly seems

HAND ON your heart — would you do something that earned you, your family or your employer a million shekels, even if it cost other people two million shekels in money or suffering? University of Maryland professor Mancur Olson believes that the older a nation grows, the more such socially destructive opportunities arise, and the more groups there are willing and able to take advantage of them. The result — inflation, unemployment, stagnation.

Albert Einstein once cautioned that anything that could not be clearly explained to a twelve-year-old must be wrong. Mancur Olson's theory about the rise and fall of nations easily passes the Einstein acid test. Olson is a hedgehog, with one big understandable idea, in contrast to most of his fellow economists, who are foxes with many little mysterious ones. He writes in clear prose, reaches broadly through time and across space for his examples, and degenerates into mathematical symbols just once, in a humble footnote. Even if you find economics mystifying and the financial pages

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1983

Open-ended poetry



THE PENGUIN BOOK OF CONTEMPORARY BRITISH POETRY edited by Blake Morrison and Andrew Motion. London, Penguin. 208 pp. £1.95.

POETRY COMICS. A Cartoonverse of Poems by Dave Morice. London, Quartet. 186 pp. £5.95.

S.T. Meravi

the sort of thing to fortify us against the crumbling of society. Or is it? In either case, such lines as these are by any test masterful: A thick crust, coarse-grained as limestone rough-cast hardened gradually on top of the four crocks, that stood, large pottery bombs, in the small pantry. After the hot brewery of gland, and under cool porous earthenware fermented the buttermilk for churning day...

Two years younger than Heaney but nearly as influential is the hugely gifted Tony Harrison. This is a poet who can be as stiffly sentimental as Philip Larkin on his off-days, but Harrison's poems on his departed parents, for example, have the sort of ring that rings through the ages. Gold survives the fire that's hot enough to make you ashes in a standard urn. An envelope of coarse official buff

contains your wedding ring which wouldn't burn.

If "The Timer" (quoted above) was pitched too low for you, Harrison's "The Nuptial Torches" contains a hair-raising description of being burned at the stake ("Their skin grows/puckered around the knees like rumpled hose") as you shall ever care to read.

THE EDITORS may be forgiven if they've kicked off their anthology with their two biggest guns. Douglas Dunn, who comes next, is a very respectable poet — in both the positive and negative senses of the word. Dunn was educated at the University of Hull, which is Philip Larkin's balliwick, and like Larkin he has been a librarian. So perhaps it is not coincidental that Dunn frequently sounds more Larkin than Larkin. That too has its positive and negative aspects. I suspect Larkin would not be ashamed to call "In the Small Hotel" his own. Otherwise, the admittedly accomplished Dunn is a bit of a stiff-kneed step-down from the excitement of Heaney and Harrison.

Of the remaining poets, Paul Muldoon, Craig Raine and perhaps one or two others would be outstanding in any generation; see Muldoon's celebrated narrative "Imram" or Raine's "A Martian Sends a Postcard Home" for quick conclusive evidence. Six of the 20 poets are from Northern Ireland, which is probably a proper proportion (where would English literature be without the

Irish?). Only four or five of the 20 are women (I'm frankly not sure which rest-room Medbh McGuckian frequents, but I believe it's the ladies' loo). Of the women, only one demonstrates anything beyond technical accomplishment, and that is New Zealand-born Fleur Adcock, whose "A Surprise in the Peninsula" and "Against Coupling" are wonderful. Too many of the wimmies, however, are writing things like Penelope Shuttle's "First Poetical Movements of My Daughter" ("Shadow of a fishy the water echo..."). No pun intended, but we've been there before.

The editors admit at the outset that in the 1960s and 1970s not much seemed to be happening in British poetry. Novelists and playwrights have indeed overshadowed the versifiers of late. Yet this anthology shows that English laments, pentameter or otherwise, are surprisingly springy and well. The poets here may rarely exhibit the personal anguish and urgency that Alvarez so cherished, but they are labouring nobly in the vineyards of verse nonetheless.

THE QUESTION of why so few people today read poetry has been discussed *ad infinitum*, which is not to say it has ever been answered satisfactorily. Dave Morice apparently believes that it's because teachers kill it for kids. With this in mind, he takes readers back to their kid days and presents several dozen classic poems in comic-book form.

As with the recent comic-book editions of Marx and Darwin (what is this world coming to?), *Poetry Comics* can't help but mock its subject. But it does make it accessible, and because of the large variety of cartooning styles employed, the book occasionally even amplifies a poem with ingenuity.

The result is similar to a movie version of a novel. Film can permanently alter a person's vision of a book, but if the novel is intrinsically good enough it will survive even the worst sort of barbarities that Hollywood has been known to wreak on literature.

The poems cartooned in *Poetry Comics* are certainly solid enough to stand up to Morice's onslaught. Many of them (Shakespeare's 18th Sonnet, "Kubla Khan," "My Last Duchess") are of course sacred cows. But only old cows like my high-school English teacher will fail to smile at this bizarre book.

Economic cannibals

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF NATIONS: Economic Growth, Stagnation, and Social Rigidity by Mancur Olson. New Haven, Yale University Press. 273 pp. \$14.95.

Shlomo Maital

put you to sleep, you will find his book interesting and transparently clear.

AS TIME PASSES, Olson reasons, every country has more and more groups that do things to make themselves better off, at the expense of other people and groups. The catch-phrases of the neo-liberal society are: "Let someone else do it (save, work hard, innovate, pioneer, sacrifice)," and "It is mine by right (more money, wealth, goods, leisure)." If there are enough of these special-interest groups, they can shove a stick into the wheels of economic growth.

Examples? There are a great many. Olson cites Britain with its rigid class structure, America's northeast and midwest regions with their obstructionist unions, and even India and its caste system. All of them, he claims, fit the historical pattern of nations that become encumbered with unions, monopolies, lobbies, cartels and importers as a ship's bottom gets encrusted with barnacles. These special-interest collusions slow down growth until the ship of state grinds to a halt.

This explains the decline of nations. How about the rise? War or revolution blow apart entrenched anti-growth coalitions, Olson explains, and points to Japan, Germany and even post-war France.

ISRAEL is nowhere mentioned — perhaps the author thinks we are too young to be barnacled — nor has Olson visited here recently. Yet his theory fits our post-1973 stagnation to a T. Under both Labour and

Taoiseach

THE AGE OF DE VALERA by Joseph Lee and Gearóid O Tuathaigh. Dublin, Ward River Press, in association with Radio Telefís Éireann. 216 pp. £4.95.

David Wasserstein

THIS IS the book of the film. Fortunately, perhaps because it was a TV film, made for the Irish market, the research was handled by experts (both of them teach in Irish universities), and the result is at once instructive and highly readable. The book's origin in television has the added advantage of endowing it with excellent, and relevant, illustrations.

The subject of the book is avowedly Irish history in this century. As the title indicates, however, there is much overlapping of history and the life of de Valera. The authors are well aware of the dangers inherent in a biographical approach to the subject, and are at pains to avoid the hagiographical in their account of 20th century Ireland. Dev is not presented as a saint, and Lee and O Tuathaigh are not afraid to offer criticism or disagreement in their discussions of such tricky subjects as the 1920s talks on independence or the particularly vexed question of Ireland's neutrality during the Second World War.

A further merit of the book is its treatment of the nature of Irish society as it developed after independence along lines mapped out for it by both de Valera and his opponents. Many of these early leaders of independent Ireland envisioned a state where comely maidens danced by the roadside or, following church marriages, reared large families while their menfolk earned an honest day's bread, largely through agriculture. This ideal was reflected in economic policies which dictated a high level of protectionism for essentially unprofitable local industries and a social and economic system which did little to reduce class differentiation in the new Ireland. The results of these policies are still visible in Ireland today.

IN THIS discussion the authors adopt the argument put forward a few years ago by Ronan Fanning, with a wealth of documentation, in a study of the workings of the Department of Finance in the early decades after independence. There Fanning showed that Ireland's economic development, as a largely agricultural country extremely vulnerable to external economic pressures, was the result in large part of the decisions made by a small number of civil servants who shared, or at least followed, the ideals of the country's early leaders. In the pictures some of the more harrowing effects of these policies, in urban and rural poverty, are dramatically illustrated.

Their discussion of the development of education and of Church-State relations, where again the authors display a pleasing reverence towards Ireland's founding fathers, offers much that could be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of Israel as well. But their examination of the language policies of successive Irish governments, who spoke loudly of the need to work for the revival of the Irish language but did conspicuously little to achieve it, offers a striking contrast with Israel.

THE HORROR story, wrote Stephen King somewhere, starts out with the basic assumption that "everything is turning to shit." This, and not the calibre of the writing, accounts for the genre's lousy public image. King elaborates: "The horror writer always brings bad news: you're going to die, he says; he's telling you to never mind. Oral Roberts and his 'something good' is going to happen to you, because something bad is also going to happen to you, and it may be cancer, and it may be a stroke, and it may be a car accident, but it's going to happen. And he takes your hand, and he enfolds it in his own, and he takes you into the room and he puts your hands on the shape under the sheet... and he tells you to touch it here... and here..."

The beauty of Stephen King (and Lord knows I love the guy) lies not in his astute observation that people read scary stories for the same reason they slow down to look at car accidents, but in his assurance that this kind of behaviour is perfectly acceptable. Bearing this in mind (*heh heh heh*), let's press down on the brakes, and gaze for a bit.

CHRISTOPHER HYDE'S *Styx* (Playboy, \$2.95) is, for reasons unknown, marketed as "occult fiction," probably because of a

Chills for ghouls

Sheldon Teitelbaum

tendency today to identify horror with the supernatural. There is, however, nothing "occult" about *Styx*, save the title reference to the famed river of the damned. You may note while reading it, though, an increase in your visits to the toilet. Be sure when you enter to switch on the light.

The story begins when two Japanese geologists discover a previously hidden Yugoslav cave housing a wealth of Neanderthal art and artifacts. An archaeological expedition is soon mounted, and an array of fiercely competitive publisher-perish academics sets up a seething camp underground. A few days later, the bad stuff begins.

For starters, an earthquake seals the group in, while another threatens to bury them alive (start counting, because Hyde means to plough through pretty much every primal fear known to modern man). The survivors find a hole leading further underground, and scurry through it rather than face im-

mediate asphyxiation. What follows is an ill-fated journey to the centre of the earth in which one member of the expedition is drowned in a pool of boiling mud, another consumed by cave-blind crawlers, a third raped and then drowned, and a fourth blinded.

In an odd fit of humour, one character notes a similarity between their plight and that of the folks in the *Poseidon Adventure*. Yeah," mutters another, "but they just had to climb out of a boat."

What we have here, and it's a rather strange exercise, is an answer to Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*. Without, one should add, the underlying assumption in all Verne's books that, by naming all the parts of nature, one can control it. Although the protagonists know their geology cold, things go from bad, to worse, to unbearable. The prose, by the way, is often lovely.

JOHN COYNE'S *Hobgoblin* (Berkley, \$3.50) is also chock full of delectable evil tidings. Sixteen-year-old Scott Gardiner is having a fine time at a private school for frightful-

ly bright teenagers where the official pastime is playing a fantasy war-game called *Hobgoblin*. Fantasy wargaming, for those of you who wouldn't know a dungeon from a dragon, calls upon role-playing abilities coupled with an unfettered imagination and a firm grasp of military strategy and tactics. *Hobgoblin* is apparently based upon a rich lore of Irish mythology, and Scott's performance in this game of his favourite role, Brian Boru, is unchallenged.

Of course, it doesn't last. Scott's father dies of a heart attack, and he is pulled out of the company of his precocious peers and set down in a high school of the kind King made famous in *Carrie*. It is a place where football reigns, and petty acts of sadism, rape, and general teen-aged mindlessness are substituted for *Hobgoblin*. His sense of real and unreal already unravelling, Scott is targeted for special treatment.

This Stephen Spielberg suburban gothic soon deepens into something entirely different, and becomes a tale of mass murder and illicit sexuality. Scott plans a *Hobgoblin* party, which, through no real fault of his own, turns into a bloodbath. Brian Boru comes to the rescue, but fails to save his mother from being impaled by a spear. Truly alone, Scott casts aside the

friends of childhood, and grows up. May your adolescence be kinder. RICHARD LAYMON'S *Out Are The Lights* (Warner, \$2.75) is a thoroughly worthless piece of trash not entirely lacking in a sick sense of humour (usually the best kind). It's about a small group of people who make a living out of making "snuff films" — the kind where the victim really dies — and quite horribly at that. These ghouls have a popular series going for them called *Schreck the Madman*.

For sheer sickness, you can't beat *Schreck*. He'll gauge your eyes out with a fork, suck the blood from your neck, or amputate your limb — all four of them — without the benefit of anaesthetic. A deaf girl lip-reads the pleas of the victims at the local horror movie house, and the chase begins, with *Schreck the Butcher* panting close behind.

This book, to be sure, is a total gross-out, poorly written, and lacks any redeeming social value. Gross-outs, says King, are legitimate tactics for the horror writer, but usually only when all else has failed. Clearly, Laymon never bothered with the other alternatives. In a way, *Schreck* is so outrageous he's scary. This is a true car accident, but one that neglects the kind of literary choreography needed for thrills and chills.

but believable enterprise. Their descendants begin to forget what... but I am giving the game away. Get this marvellous entertainment. It's a lift-off to end all take-offs on the cycle of life. Even the title has a double punch: haven't we all heard a BBC announcer signing off with "And that's the end of the world news?"

CORRECTION

In Lloyd P. Gartner's review of Ezra Mendelsohn's *The Jews of East Central Europe Between the Wars* (August 12, 1983), "World War II" appeared instead of "World War I" and the last sentence should have run: "The Holocaust followed and a corps of local anti-Semites eagerly aided the Nazi programme."

CONTEMPORARY British novelists dealing with portentous themes and wishing to be thought neither portentous nor pretentious, tend to describe their work as "entertainment." Anthony Burgess's latest novel is a true entertainment, its theme — the end of the world, or, more accurately, Earth — being disguised as science fiction mixed with intellectual wiledevil.

Burgess's view of human affairs is a fairly general one: small people performing heroic tasks, driven by what they believe to be universal insights and fuelled by their own gift for words. The author's own way with words is well known; and here again the firecrackers snap one after the other, with never a fizzle. But what also distinguishes this

Hurried departure

THE END OF THE WORLD NEWS by Anthony Burgess. London, Hutchinson, 389pp, £8.95

Meir Ronnen

book is its brilliant interweaving of three different mini-novellas to illuminate the idea that man develops and survives only because of his ability to pursue the idea that there are things bigger than himself, bigger than the individual.

This tale of the end of the world (brought about by a rogue star

entering our solar system) is interlarded with a racy flashback telescopic presentation of the life of Sigmund Freud, which begins with the bully boys of the *Anschluss*; and the libretto of a musical about a visit by Leon Trotsky to New York in 1917. Their connection? They are simply three momentous achievements of man: the discovery of the unconscious; the vision of the universal socialist state; and man's ability to build a new home in outer space.

That the heroes of this book are Jews is not something Burgess ignores; this fact forms a rightfully

great part of his Freudian epic. But Judaism and Jewishness is not at issue here. The Jews in this book simply take their rightful place as part of the saga of human development. Burgess is one of the few writers today, Jew or Gentile, who can regard Jews with sympathy but dispassion.

This often deliriously funny book is a parable for what we already know: that sometime in the future life on Earth will come to an end. Earth will be burned up as an expanding sun turns into a dying red giant. If mankind is to survive, it will have to leave this planet well beforehand. By that time it should be well equipped to do so.

The scientists of this science-fiction get less notice. Their hurried departure from Earth is a ludicrous

To: Jossi Stern

Dear Jossi,
In the name of Bezalel and its teachers, students and employees, both those of the past and the current years, we send you our greetings and best wishes on your 60th birthday. You have shown that age is not a mere chronological matter, and that at sixty, one can still maintain a youthful spirit — an original, fresh and pioneering spirit.

Jossi Stern and Bezalel are linked to each other by that unique quality which has enabled you to contribute to Bezalel, both as a student and a teacher, those quintessential elements that constitute the principal components of the Jerusalem-Bezalel life style — innocence, happiness and everlasting optimism.

Jossi, may success be forever yours, and may the next sixty years be a credit to the first sixty.

All the very best.

Prof. Ran Shechori
Director

Bezalel, Academy of Arts and Design, Jerusalem, 10 Shmuel Hanagid St., Jerusalem 94592, Tel. 225111

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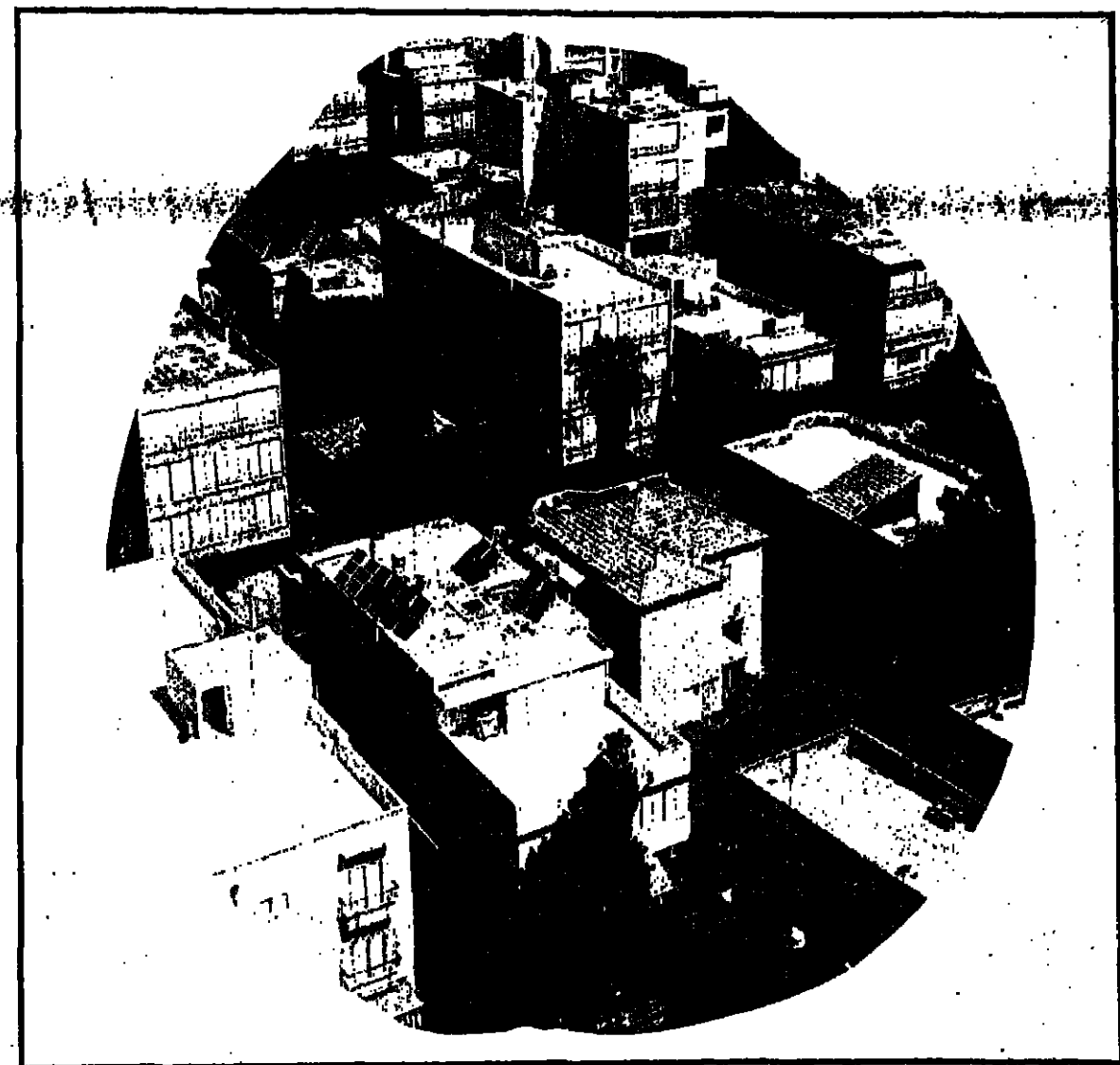
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STEIMATZKY MEANS BOOKS

PAGE FOURTEEN THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1983

From the Big Orange



THIS WEEK'S column is devoted to several consumer developments in Tel Aviv which have significance or future ramifications for readers elsewhere in the country. After my recent visit to New York City, which is affectionately known as The Big Apple, I am tempted to bestow on Tel Aviv an appropriate corresponding nickname. The Big Orange. I hope Mayors Ed Koch and Shlomo Lahat won't mind.

The Tel Aviv Municipality last week discontinued its practice of closing shops which stay open after the usual 7 p.m. closing hour. This was done in an attempt to encourage businesses to stay open late — as some 300 already do — and thereby tempt more consumers to do their shopping in Tel Aviv. The city claims there has been a steady shift of shopping habits to the nearby suburban towns in recent years and a decline in Tel Aviv retail business.

Under Tel Aviv by-laws, shops that wish to stay open past 7 p.m. must apply for permission, and the only condition is that they do not disturb local residents.

The move to liberalize shopping hours has aroused the sharp opposition of Councillor Yehoshua Nahari, chairman of the Israel Merchants Association, who is a member of Mayor Lahat's own Liberal Party. Nahari accuses Lahat of "shooting from the hip" and says the mayor did not seek the approval of his party colleagues before taking this step to lengthen shopping hours.

Nahari, whose association represents mainly small, independent shopkeepers, says that late shopping hours are "unnecessary, unhealthy, and wasteful in terms of labour costs." He points out that employees who work beyond 7 p.m. receive 50 per cent overtime pay, and that the cost will inevitably be passed to the consumers in the form of higher prices.

The Merchants Association chairman says that his organization would be receptive to the idea of once-a-week late shopping, until 9 or 10 p.m., but does not support late opening every day. When some stores take advantage of freedom to stay open late on a regular basis, other shopkeepers feel compelled to meet the competition by staying open later themselves — and this imposes an unreasonable burden on the small businessman.

I RAISED the matter with the chairman of the Israel Consumers Council, Dov Barzilai, himself a former mayor of Hadera. Barzilai says the council's position is that "maximum freedom" on shop opening and closing hours benefits consumers — provided only that shops do not stay open so late in residential areas as to become a noise nuisance. He says that today's municipal by-laws, which in some places not only require 7 o'clock closing but also total closing one or two afternoons a week, constitute a hardship to families in which both husband and wife work full time and are hard-pressed to find the time to do their own shopping.

With the exception of Shabbat, which is protected as a day of rest by state law, Barzilai says he does not see any real necessity for shop hours to be regulated by law, but would prefer to let business regulate itself in this matter. He thinks that later shopping hours would be likely to benefit all merchants in the long run, as it might increase total shopping volume. He points out that, partly because of the restrictions on opening hours, shopping in Israel has not yet become the family ac-

tivity it is in many countries.

There are a few other municipalities that take a liberal attitude toward shopping hours. The clerk of the Giv'atayim local council told me it makes no attempt to fine shops which stay open after 7 p.m., although that is the official closing hour there, nor does it require shops to be shut one afternoon a week.

I suspect it will become increasingly difficult to enforce shop closing hours, just as the sabbat break is gradually becoming a thing of the past, as there are more and more large chain stores with hired help working in shifts and hence able to cope with non-conventional schedules. The many hypermarkets that already stay open past the usual closing hours, and that open on Saturday nights, are probably an indicator of future trends.

Curiously, as a colleague pointed out, most of the shops that have begun to take advantage of the liberalization in Tel Aviv shopping hours are not the big chain stores, but rather small, private businesses. The Supermarkets, Super-Sols, and Shekems are thus far shutting their doors tight at 7 p.m., except for special-occasion late shopping, such as the last days preceding major festivals.

THE MERCHANTS Association is also on the war-path against what it claims is unfair competition by the defence establishment's Shekem retail stores, which sell at 12.5 per cent discount to shoppers holding special permits. Nahari charges not only that Shekem is too lax about who is allowed to buy there, but that the chain benefits from tax breaks and alleged direct assistance from the IDF.

At the Merchants Association's instigation, the charges of prefer-

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tial treatment to Shekem are being studied simultaneously by the Knesset House Committee and by the state comptroller, Nahari told me. The Merchants Association charges that Shekem is exempted by various municipalities from paying *armona* (the local rate which other businesses must pay); that it receives kosher supervision from the IDF rabbinate, while other businesses have to pay the local rabbinate for such services; that army vehicles transport merchandise for Shekem; and that the IDF foots part of Shekem's advertising bill.

Shekem's chief press officer, Miriam Tau, refutes or explains most of these charges. She says it is true that some municipalities grant Shekem a discount, not an exemption, on *armona*, but that this is a traditional courtesy dating back some 30 years. Shekem's kosher supervisors belong to the IDF Chaplaincy Corps, but are paid from Shekem's own budget. Shekem maintains its own fleet of transport vehicles, and only gets some assistance from army vehicles in times of military emergency. As for advertising, Tau says that Shekem puts out its own monthly magazine, and only recently began advertising in other media.

Nahari pointed out to me that the Likud national election platform called for the government to sell all government corporations to private owners, and said this policy ought eventually include Shekem. Its press officer replies that the defence establishment has no plans to sell the Shekem retail stores to private

owners. The Merchants Association has threatened that if municipalities do not require Shekem to pay full *armona* it will call on its own members to refuse to pay their municipal rates in protest.

A NEW HEBREW magazine for consumers, called *Konim Bilvad* ("Buyers Only") made its appearance this month, as a free hand-out distributed by the Super-Sol chain and through some works committees, including those of Koor enterprises. It is published by a private firm in Tel Aviv and is supported by advertisements in the magazine, in order to increase circulation, and readership. The magazine has begun accepting classified ads from private citizens for free.

To help it get started, the new magazine's editorial board received some advice and assistance from the Histadrut's Consumer Authority. But the authority's spokesman told me that this was a one-time goodwill gesture, and that it has no formal connection with *Konim Bilvad* or any responsibility for the magazine's contents. True, the lengthy comparison report on washing machines was virtually a reprint of the authority's own study of the subject, copied before the authority had gotten around to stamping "All rights reserved" on the report. In future, the magazine will not be permitted to reproduce any Consumer Authority report unless it obtains the express permission of the authority, reprints the report exactly and in full, and gives appropriate credit for doing so.

The Tel Aviv office of *Konim Bilvad* told me it hopes to make the publication into an objective and critical commentary on consumer subjects, despite the fact that it is

supported solely by commercial advertisers and distributed free of charge.

"YOU DON'T have to be secular to enjoy Tel Aviv" might be a fitting slogan for the Grand Beach Hotel, a four-star establishment for a time called the Moriah near the seashore, at the corner of Nordau Boulevard and Hayarkon Street. Under new management since January, the hotel is trying to provide a comfortable atmosphere for religious visitors, many of whom would like to enjoy this fun-and-sun city, but are not satisfied with the level of *kashrut* and Shabbat observance in most of the city's hotels.

The inspiration for the Grand Beach's new image comes from an Orthodox Jew with a soft Irish brogue, David Steinberg, who immigrated from Dublin some years ago. When he took over earlier this year as sales and promotion manager at the Grand Beach (and its sister hotel, The Palace), he convinced its young general manager, Giora Israel, who is not religious himself, that there was a market for a hotel here catering to the Orthodox clientele. "We are not a religious hotel," insists Israel, "but a normal hotel which has special facilities for religious guests."

A glance around the dining room at the proportion of skulls confirms the management's estimate that about 40 per cent of its occupants are observant Jews. It is one of the few hotels in Tel Aviv to display a *kashrut* certificate from the local rabbinate prominently on the dining room wall, and there will soon be another certificate testifying that the hotel takes *truma nina aser*, the required tithe of fruits and vegetables. Only kosher wines are served.

Glatt kosher meat, certified by Rabbi Lundau of Bnei Brak, will be available on request, although the hotel has decided against becoming exclusively *glatt*, at least for the present. That meat, says Steinberg, costs three times as much as regular kosher meat in Israel today, and it would be uneconomical to serve it to all guests, even gentile tourists, and to the entire staff.

A RELIGIOUS Shabbat atmosphere is a basic feature of the Grand Beach's new image. There is no public desecration of the Sabbath anywhere in the hotel, and the television set has been removed altogether from the lobby for this reason, though guests may use sets in their rooms. Guests and staff alike are asked to refrain from smoking not only in the dining room, as is customary in all kosher hotels, but also in the lobby.

As of this week, certain hours for sex-segregated swimming have been set aside for the rooftop pool, although ordinary bikini-wearing and mixed bathing can be seen for most of the day.

The Grand Beach has a permanent synagogue room, but its High Holiday services, with a cantor, will be held at its more spacious sister hotel, The Palace, across the street. The terrace/succa at the Grand Beach will be able to seat at least 60 people at a time for meals.

Perhaps the best testimonial to Steinberg's success in imbuing the hotel with a Jewish traditional atmosphere came from a travel agent in Dublin, who told him he would direct his Christian pilgrim tours only to this hotel in Tel Aviv, because only here would they see a "proper Sabbath atmosphere" in a seaside hotel in the world's largest all-Jewish city.

Martha Meisels

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